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FOOTSTEPS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

BY S. CONRAD.

Sitting in my humble doorway,
Gazing out into the night,
Listening to the stormy tumult,
With a kind of sad delight,
Wait I for the loved who comes not,
One whose steps I long to hear;
One who, though he lingers from me,
Still is dearest of the dear.
Soft he comes—now heart be quiet,
Leaping in triumphant pride;
Oh! it is a stranger footstep,
Gone by on the other side.

All the night seems filled with weeping,
Winds are wailing mournfully;
And the rain-tears altogether
Journey to the restless sea.
I can fancy, sea, you murmur,
As they with your waters flow,
Like the grief of single beings,
Making up a nation's woe.

Bradches, bid your guests be silent!
Hush a moment, fretful rain!
Breeze, stop sighing, let me listen—
God grant not again in vain!
In my cheek the blood is rosy,
Like the blushes of a bride;
Joy!—alas! a stranger footstep
Goes by on the other side.

Ah! how many wait forever
For the steps that do not come!
Wait until the pitying angels
Bear them to a peaceful home.
Many, in the still of midnight,
In the streets have lain and died,
When the sound of human footsteps
Went by on the other side.

THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Author of "Plighted in Peril," "The Heir of Glendale," "John Paramore's Plot," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE OPERATOR AT HOME.

Two persons were seated in the telegraph office at Dover, a small but pretty village in eastern New York.

This town was seated midway in a wide, fertile valley, bounded by sloping hills, which grew mountainous in the far distance.

From the head of the valley, a stream flowed down with many a graceful curve, touching the borders of the town as it passed. It was scarcely large enough, in this land of huge streams, to be dignified by the name of river, and could not claim to be more than a considerable creek.

Running with more direct course through the well-wooded valley, came the iron path of a railroad, passing through the heart of the town, and striking due east.

At the point where it skirted the main street of the town, was situated the depot, a plain frame building, without any pretensions whatever to architectural beauty.

The telegraph office occupied one extremity of the building, fronting on the main street. It served the purpose of a railroad signal station, besides aiding those in the town who wished to send their messages by the lightning express route, instead of waiting the more tedious movement of the mails.

One of the persons of whom we have spoken as seated in this office, was the operator, a well-built, nervously-organized individual. He was possessed of good features, though his expression was marred by an unpleasant quivering of the lips, while his dull, blue eyes had a wandering, uneasy look, that never rested long on one point.

His companion was a more marked character. He was tall and spare in person, with small, half-closed, gray eyes and thin lips, partly hidden by a full moustache. His skin had a pallid color, as of one not much in the sun.

He was well, but somewhat carelessly dressed, and seemed, by his face, to be a man of culture and intelligence, but with a peculiar cunning in his expression, which he sought to hide under an appearance of careless frankness.

His attitude conveyed the same impression. Touching the table with the toe of one foot, he had tilted back his chair till it stood perilously on two legs. His thumbs were thrust in the arm-holes of his vest, and altogether, he looked a perfect embodiment of ungraceful carelessness.

"I did not look for that from you, Downey," he said, addressing the operator, who sat in a sullen mood before his instrument. "You are the last man that I thought would bear malice. Suppose he was a little hasty? He is quick-tempered, you know, and wealthy men are apt to fall into that manner without meaning anything by it."

"He must not think he can ride over me on account of his money," replied the other, in an angry tone, which was marked by a slight stutter.

"I don't imagine that he wants to. You are altogether too hasty."

"I had good reason to be," replied Downey, sharply. "I am as good a citizen as he is, in spite of his money, and no man living shall tread on me."

"Now, that's not the right feeling," said the other, rocking his chair easily backward and forward. "Wealth does give a man certain prerogatives, even in this country. We have all got to pay some deference to the money kings, though our pride may rebel against it."

"We have, eh?" said Downey, still more angrily.

"Yes. You know it, though you are not in the mood to admit it. People must be cool before they can see things in the proper light."

"Proper light be hanged!" cried Downey, rising from his seat in an ebullition of temper. "I think that I'm some judge of what makes an insult and what don't. Nobody need think they can come here and presume on their money. I am none of your sweet-tempered men. I wonder how much you would stand of it, Mr. Benton?"

"But, man, can't you see that there was no insult intended?" said Mr. Benton, bringing his chair to the floor with a thump, as if to enforce his words. "He may have been mistaken in thinking that you had failed to do your duty. But from his point of view, it naturally angered him."

"And who made him judge of my duty? I have not heard that the telegraph company has appointed him superintendent of operators. I will have no man coming into my office and browbeating me, no matter how rich he is. If I don't know my business, William Browning ain't the man to teach me."

"Are you not rather too stiff, man?" said Benton, looking the operator steadily in the eye. "It seems to me you are building very high on a small foundation. Look at it right; a message sent to him comes just opposite to what it should be. He acts on it, and is out of pocket. Is it a wonder he was angry?"

"The mistake wasn't mine; and if it was, I'm no dog for him to kick as he pleases?"

"Don't you think you deserved a scolding?"

"A scolding!" cried Downey, growing doubly angered, and stammering the more as his anger increased. "It's a scolding, is it, for him to come here and call me the worst names he could get off his tongue; to try to teach me my business; to threaten to have me turned off? Let him try it again! It will be worse for him. He may thank his luck I didn't do him a hurt then."

As Downey angrily stammered out these words, his eyes glittered with an expression that tokened ill for the man who had offended him. Their peculiar wandering habit was intensified, and one accustomed to treatment of the insane would have said that this man was dangerous in his present mood.

Apparently not noticing this, his visitor—in his capacity of peace-maker—only added fuel to the flame.

"It might have been worse for you," he said, idly tilting his chair back again, yet watching, through his half-closed lids, every change in Downey's face. "He had the right on his side, and an angry man don't often choose his words. Take my advice. Let by-gones be by-gones. I have no doubt Mr. Browning has forgotten the matter. He is not the man to bear malice. There is no use for you, then, to keep up the quarrel. I doubt if he will ever mention it to you again."

During this speech, the operator had been striding impatiently up and down the floor, his face growing red, and his eye glittering more fiercely than ever.

"I suppose he'll be very easy with me," he said, bitterly, "if I'll crouch down like a whipped hound, and let him put his foot on me. *He* won't bear malice! *He* won't mention it again! A very big *he*. What if *I* chose to bear malice and mention it again? What is he going to do about it? Or you, either, Harvey Benton? I'm no man's slave, if he *has* got his pocket lined with gold."

The telegraphic instrument behind them ticked an accompaniment to these words, as messages passed through the office. A signal was now given for that office, and Downey turned and wrote the message from the clicking metal, jotting it down with an angry force, as if he would vent his spleen on the innocent paper.

The message completed, he opened the door of the office to look for the boy who served him as attendant and carrier of the telegraphic missives.

He saw him at length, perched on the opposite fence, and striving to stand on his head on the top of a protruding post.

The fierce call of his employer brought him so suddenly down from his dizzy elevation that he rolled helplessly to the ground. He rose, however, none the worse, though somewhat the dustier, for his tumble, and was soon off with the message.

The operator still stood at the open door, gazing down the street after the boy. He thus failed to notice a horseman who rode up from the opposite direction.

Mr. Benton, however, saw this person through the window, and drew further back into the office, gazing at the operator with a glance in which cunning replaced all the former openness of his look.

Downey failed to see the horseman until the latter had ridden close to the door of the office, and reined up his horse in almost touching distance of the operator.

The equestrian was a handsome man, with the full features of a good liver, and an open, but haughty expression of face. He appeared one who had been accustomed to command, but whose native disposition was free and generous.

"Well, Downey," he said, in a hearty tone, "can I trust you to do better in sending than receiving? I have a message here I want put through."

Downey started on observing the speaker, and the red flush returned again to his cheek.

"You had better look for somebody you can trust to put it through, then," he said. "I don't think I can satisfy you, and I'm not in the humor to do any work for you."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the horseman, angrily.

"Just what I say. You insulted me yesterday. You can send your own messages to-day."

These angry words drew the attention of several idlers, who were lounging near by.

"See here, sirrah!" cried the horseman, "I have said all I intend to say concerning your blundering work the other day. But if you are going to refuse to do the work of your office, and insult customers in this manner, I shall use my influence to have you removed, and put a proper man in your place."

"I am as proper a man and as much of a gentleman as you are, with all your money. I defy you to remove me from my office. You insulted me grossly yesterday, and only for some meddling fools I would have given you the punishment you deserved."

"You would, eh!" cried Mr. Browning, red with anger. "There are no meddling fools here now. You can have the opportunity."

In an instant he sprang from his horse, and brought his riding whip, with a keen cut across the shoulders of the other.

Downey leaped at him with the quickness and virulence of a wild-cat. But his attack was hindered by Mr. Benton, who sprang forward from the back of the office and seized the maddened man.

The lookers-on, too, came between. Downey struggled helplessly in the strong arms that held him, frothing at the lips with rage.

"Downey, this won't do," cried Mr. Benton, severely. "You had better ride on, William. This man is beside himself just now. Your presence only maddens him."

"I will be even with you yet," hissed the prisoner, from between his clenched teeth.

"And I will repay you for your insulting language," said Mr. Browning, as he took the advice given him, mounted his horse and rode off.

"I HAVE A HANDFUL OF PAPERS HERE THAT I THINK WILL SETTLE THE MATTER."

CHAPTER II.

MR. BROWNING'S VISITOR.

Mr. Browning rode directly home. He was very angry with the operator, and, like most angry men, was in the mood to vent his spleen on any offender, and to take offence at what, under ordinary circumstances, would not have been noticeable.

To his eyes the sky was gray and sombre, the sunshine fell without lustre upon the earth, all things took color from his mood, and beauty appeared to have departed from the face of nature. With such a jaundiced eye does the angry man look upon the world at large.

His home lay outside the limits of Dover, near the banks of the romantic stream that ran down through the village.

It was a charming mansion, beautifully located on a green slope that stretched back from the road to the rocky banks of the creek. The house was built in cottage style, with numerous turrets and gables, and, with its outbuildings, rambled over quite an extensive piece of ground.

The green and flowering vines which twined up the pillars of its wide porch, and hung in graceful festoons from the trellis work of arbors, justified the name which it had been given, or which somehow had grown to it, that of Vinedell.

The dell, it is true, was quite imaginary; but the place abounded with vines. Between it and the road lay a broad lawn, traveled by foot paths and a carriage track, which were tastefully bordered with beds of flowers.

Up this carriage-way Mr. Browning rode, resolving, as he did so, to use his influence to have the offending operator removed. The refusal of the man to receive his message certainly gave him good warrant for such action.

Flinging his rein to an attendant, he entered the house. A servant here met him with the information that a person was waiting in the library to see him.

"A person?" asked Mr. Browning, sharply. "What do you mean by a person? Is it a gentleman or a lady, or is it a vagrant?"

"A gentleman, I suppose," said the servant, "but a very odd one. I did not know what to make of him."

"It was not necessary for you to make anything of him. How came you to show him into the library?"

"He took the liberty to show *himself* there, sir. He waited a few minutes in the parlor, in which time he managed to displace every piece of furniture. Then he walked out into the hall, asked where the library was, and took himself off there without more ado."

"This is a strange business. Why did you permit a stranger to take possession of my house in my absence?"

"I did not like to be uncivil to a visitor, sir; and he acted with such an air of authority that I thought he might be some special friend of yours. I have kept an eye on the library door to see that he did not leave the house unobserved."

"Very pretty, indeed. You admit a stranger to the library, where you know I only receive intimate friends, and then watch him as you would watch a thief. I thought you had more wit. I will see this *person*, as you call him."

The servant was surprised at the unreasonable sharpness of his master. He judged rightly that he had been put out of temper by something that had happened in the town. Mr. Browning strode on toward the library, vexed at himself for his display of temper to an old and trusty servant. As he approached it seemed to him that there must be more than one person within. Voices were heard, speaking in loud and angry accents, and to all appearance a fierce quarrel was in progress.

Surprised and indignant at this strange circumstance, Mr. Browning approached the door. A loudly-pitched voice spoke within, in fierce tones: "Dare to reply, dastard; and on this good brand will I impale thy miserable frame."

"Is the fellow mad?" Mr. Browning asked himself, with a thrill of apprehension. "It must be some of the servants he has attacked. There may be murder there."

Seizing a thick, heavy cane that stood in the passage way, he resolutely flung open the door and entered the room, holding the weapon in readiness for use. With utter surprise he beheld but one person present. This was a shapely young man, of middle size and handsome features. He was moderately well-dressed, though his clothes had not the latest cut, and there was something theatrical in the air with which they were worn.

A heavy black moustache graced his upper lip, waxed at the ends, and extending straight out, with military fierceness, on either side. A pair of sparkling black eyes, and dark, waving hair, added to the effect of a very handsome face.

The apartment was occupied on two sides with cases of books, reaching from floor to ceiling. The remaining sides were taken up with doors, closets, pictures and articles of curiosity, conspicuous among which was a group of the weapons of various nations.

The visitor had drawn one of these, a slender fencing foil, from its scabbard, and was making violent passes at the portrait of an elderly military gentleman that occupied the opposite wall. In his left hand he held open a copy of a dramatic work, which he had taken from one of the cases.

Mr. Browning's momentary alarm gave way to a sentiment of indignation, as he beheld this strange sight.

"May I enquire to what I owe the honor of this visit?" he asked, in a severe tone, standing sternly upright, and fixing a glance upon the stranger intended to discompose him.

The latter turned gracefully round, lowered the point of his sword, and gazed with a comical expression at the rigidly-erect figure of his host.

"Happy to see you, my dear sir," he said, doffing his hat politely. "The old gentleman there and I have been having a sharp bout. But I had him under the guard, and I would have pricked him the next minute if you hadn't stepped in."

"You seem to have a most marvellously free and easy way of making yourself at home," said Mr. Browning, tightly grasping his cane, and not sure but that he might yet need it.

"Why, yes, I am considered rather free and easy," replied the young man, seating himself in a negligent manner, and laying the foil on the table before him. "It's quite a neat arrangement this, and makes one feel quite at home. But the old gentleman there has a way of winking at you that is very aggravating."

"Do you know, sir, that it is my house you are in, and that it is the portrait of my ancestor which you were about to destroy?" thundered Mr. Downing, furious at the unabashed demeanor of the stranger. "By what right did you force your way into this room, meddle with my weapons, and attempt to injure a valuable painting?"

"By the right of a native impudence that was born in me, and that will harbor in my bones, after I have finished this mortal round," said the stranger, nonchalantly twisting his moustache, and looking up into the face of his host with a glance that had more of amazement than of insolence in it.

"You are very frank, sir, upon my word," said Mr. Browning, sarcastically.

"Frank! Why shouldn't I be? I know nothing worth being secret about, and so I always speak to the point. I hope you won't be surprised at the bit of sport you found me engaged in. I was just trying to realize a scene I find in this old play of rare Ben Johnson's. Take a seat, sir, and let us get to business; that is, if you have got five minutes to spare."

"And suppose that I have not five minutes to spare?" asked the host, utterly at a loss what to make of his visitor.

"Then we will have to do it up in four minutes and a half. It can't be done in a second shorter, and we will have to step out at a rattling pace to reach the winning-post in that time. Take a seat, sir; you look uncomfortable standing. Got any objection to smoking?" and he pulled out a well-colored meerschaum.

"Yes, sir; very decided objections," said Mr. Browning, angrily.

"Then I won't smoke," said the visitor, holding the pipe before his eyes with an admiring glance. "But allow me to say that I think you are a trifle unreasonable. I can prove to you in ten minutes that tobacco smoke is the elixir of life, and that the fountain of youth lays in the bowl of a meerschaum." He drew himself up from his lounging attitude, prepared to lay down his arguments in logical order. "You see——"

"I see that three minutes of your time is gone. I have allowed you to go on, to see what impertinent thing you would say next. If you have any business with me, I would like to hear it without further delay. If not—my time is precious."

"So is mine, sir; so is mine. Thank you for reminding me. I have a wager laid on a game of cribbage that's to be played yet. Then I have to shave, and after that comes the supper hour, that rarest hour that poet ever sung—— Do you play cribbage, Mr. Browning?"

"Your time is up, sir. Shall I show you to the door, or do you prefer to sit here and amuse yourself alone? I have no more time to spare for your amusement."

"I am very comfortable here; I think I will stay. I am in the best of company when I'm alone. Besides, I'd like to have my bout out with old Waterloo, there."

He seized the foil, as if prepared to make another assault upon the painting.

"Who are you, and what do you want with me?" asked Mr. Browning, sharply, his patience being now quite exhausted.

"That is what I have been trying to tell you for the last five minutes," said the visitor, reseating himself with a nonchalant air. "Have you ever heard of a certain John Milton Lovelace?"

Mr. Browning started as if with surprise at the question. He drew up a chair and seated himself, before replying.

"I have heard of him," he briefly said.

"Did you ever hear any good of him?"

"Never."

The visitor laughed, as if highly amused. He leaned indolently back, twisting the ends of his moustache with both hands as he continued:

"I am told he was a very wild youth, and had a most wonderful genius for getting into scrapes."

"Exactly. There was no outrageous scheme that he was not mixed with—nothing too bad for him."

"Do you know what has become of him?"

"No. I prophecied long ago that he would be hung. If he has had his deserts, that is what has become of him."

The stranger laughed again merrily.

"Just my own opinion," he said. "He has not reached that culmination yet—but then he is a young man; he may succeed in time. You are his guardian, I believe?"

"Yes, and am sorry enough to have ever taken such a business in hand. The scamp broke all the laws of the community, and almost broke the heart of his father, before he was fourteen. At that time Mr. Lovelace died, leaving a valuable property, and leaving his outlaw of a son in my charge. He did not give me as much trouble as I expected, though."

"How was that?"

"He ran off in six months afterwards with a traveling circus company, and has not shown himself in this neighborhood since. I have tried every means to discover him, but have not succeeded."

"And you think it is likely he is hung?"

"It would not be a surprising termination to his career."

"I agree with you in that," said the visitor, again laughing. "If every one had his deserts, there would be a queer weeding-out of the community. But he has not stretched hemp yet."

"You are sure of that?"

"Thoroughly satisfied."

"On what grounds?"

"On these grounds," said the visitor, feeling his neck, with a comical expression of face. "I am John Milton Lovelace, at your service."

"You!" cried Mr. Browning, starting hastily to his feet, surprise and incredulity showing themselves in his face.

"Yes, sound and unhung; and come back to prove you a bad prophet."

"This is a bold assertion," said Mr. Browning. "You have not a feature of his face. It will need sounder proof than your bare word to establish such a claim."

"From fifteen to twenty-five are the longest ten years in a man's life. I flatter myself I have changed—for the better. You may be excused for not recognizing the ill favored boy of fifteen in this face and figure."

He rose and went through a series of comical postures.

"There's grace for you. There's the effects of training. No wonder you couldn't recognize me. Fact is, guardy, I ran short in the exchequer, and thought I would just drop round here and relieve you of that little responsibility."

"You will need first to establish your identity. Prove that, and I will be very glad to relieve myself of an unpleasant duty."

"I have a handful of papers here that I think will settle the matter. Just look over these at your leisure. I am in no hurry. I can wait a week if it will take that long."

"Very well, I will examine them," Mr. Browning coldly replied, full of distrust of his visitor. "Have you any further business with me?" he continued, as he took the papers and laid them aside in a cabinet drawer.

"No, I think I'll bid you good-day. Hope I haven't annoyed you. I'm a wild sort of blade. Keen, too; but I never cut if a man takes hold of me right. You took hold of me wrong."

"Do you know what I was tempted to do?"

"No. I am curious to learn."

"To bail my servants and have you shown a quick way out of the door."

"It would have been perilous to your minions. I have been weaned on sword blades. There would have been bloodshed. Beware lest there be bloodshed yet! The ire of J. M. Lovelace is not to be lightly roused."

This was given with a lofty theatrical air, and with the stride of a tragedian he passed down the hall, leaving his host in a maze of wonder.

CHAPTER III.

BY THE CREEK SIDE.

Lovelace disdained the highroad in his return walk to the village. It was much too direct for his wandering fancy. He took his way by the banks of the creek that wound, with many a devious bend, downward through the centre of the valley.

It was a beautiful stream, flowing onward in great part between rocky banks, overgrown with bushes and clambering vines; but at other points bordered by the feet of green fields that stretched in a lawn-like expanse to the water's edge.

The stream was about twenty feet wide, the boughs of its bordering trees at times entwining in natural arbors over the waters that flowed so swiftly beneath.

Many beautiful nooks diversified its verdant banks, fairy-like recesses, lined with wild flowers and carpeted with the greenest of verdure. Many a love tale had been told, many a heart won, in these sylvan retreats, that seemed of Cupid's own framing, and which were favorite trysting places for the youth of the village.

But other thoughts occupied the mind of the present wanderer. He went slowly southward, now stopping to pluck a brilliant flower, which the next minute was thrown disdainfully away, now flinging himself indolently on the grass to admire some new vista, now hasting onward as if the thought of his neglected game of cribbage had just recurred to him.

He finally came to rest on the smooth level of a rock, partly covered with small flat stones, which he amused himself with skimming over the surface of the water.

Above his head a huge oak spread its massive limbs, its grateful shade covering the rock on which he sat, while the sunshine spread with a vivid glare beyond.

His idle amusement was interrupted by an unlooked-for incident. A young lady had been following the stream by nearly the same route which he had taken, though with a speedier course.

Not noticing his presence, and unseen by him, she now stood on the slope of the rock just above him.

She was a beautiful girl, with a soft blonde complexion, radiant blue eyes and abundant brown hair thrown with a careless but charming art back from her white forehead. The contour of her face closely resembled that of Mr. Browning, though the stern lines of his were softened into a yielding feminine grace. Her features bore that expression of trusting belief in the reality of appearances, which is one of the rarest of feelings in this age when even children are learned in the wiles of the world.

She now caught a glimpse of the companion in her supposed solitude. Turning hastily away her foot slipped on the grassy slope of the slight declivity. Before she could recover herself she had slipped down nearly to where he sat heedless of her presence.

Roused by a slight exclamation from her lips, he turned, and sprang hastily to his feet. This was his only indication of surprise. Doffing his hat with courtly grace, he asked, with a tone of concern:

"You are not hurt, I hope?"

"No, no!" she answered, with a pretty confusion of manner. "I slipped, but I am not hurt, thank you."

"I would never have forgiven myself if any harm had come to you," he said, falling into his theatrical manner.

"Why so, sir?" she asked, in surprise; saying to herself, in the silent undertone of admiration: "How very handsome he is!"

"Modesty forbids me to reply," he said, in an affected tone. "Forgive me, miss," he continued, more naturally, as an expression of wonder and slight displeasure crossed her face; "I do not wish to offend you. I have fallen into an idle habit of jesting, which it is hard to overcome."

"I did not see you till just as I turned," she said, in a tone of deprecation. "My foot slipped on the grass."

"Then it was not the attraction of my presence that drew a nymph hither from her native sylvan haunts, as I fondly hoped," he said, relapsing into his former manner as he noticed the innocent earnestness of her tone.

"I do not understand you, sir," she replied, smiling, yet confused by his theatrical manner. "I am no nymph."

"Surely no mortal mixture of Earth's mould
Breathes such divine, enchanting ravishment?"

"Good-afternoon, sir," she coldly replied, turning away, with a red flush on her cheek, as if offended by his tone and words.

"One moment," he said, gazing with admiration on her face and form as she turned. "I was only quoting Milton. It is not my fault if I happen just now to strongly appreciate his language."

She walked on apparently unheeding. He made no further effort to induce her to stop, though his eyes were full of the appreciation of her beauty, which had expressed itself in his voice. After a few steps, she paused and turned.

"Am I not addressing Mr. Lovelace?" she asked.

"I am happy to be the fortunate bearer of that name," he replied, surprised at her question. He was a stranger in the village of Dover, and could not conceive how she had become acquainted with his name.

"I thought you must be he," she said. "I came out with the hope of meeting you."

"And glad am I that you have succeeded," he said, in still greater wonder.

"I wished to have a few words with you; but you are so extravagant. I do not like to be complimented in such language."

"I hope I have not offended you. I really could not help it. I thought I was keeping to sober truth."

"Now, sir," she said, playfully; "I must leave you, then."

"No, no. Here is a charming seat and a charming companion. A handsome, sober, susceptible youth. I can compliment myself—that's not against the bargain. But how came you to know me? I am a stranger in Dover. Have not set foot in this rural village for ten years."

"I have an indistinct recollection of you in the past; but you are so changed that I would not have recognized you from that."

"From what, then?"

"That is my secret," she said, with a smile. "You left Dover ten years ago, leaving your property in the hands of your guardian, and have never returned since to claim it, though it has been yours, by the law, for several years past."

"Exactly. I suppose that matter is rather well-known about here. The fact is, I was doing well enough without it. And what is more, I have been a little wild. I was not fit to have charge of money! I have reformed now, so I can safely confess this."

"I am glad to hear that you have reformed," she said, with a shade of incredulity in her tone.

"Oh, yes. I am getting on in years, you see. It is high time I was settling down. I suppose you think that I don't show it much in my ways; but that is all the effect of habit, you know.

"'You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still.'

Tom Moore has just the idea. You can't wear off the marks of bad habits, any more than you can of good ones."

"I am pleased to learn of your change of life, Mr. Lovelace," she replied, with an appearance of innocent faith in his statement. "Mr. Browning is your guardian, I believe."

"Yes. I just called to see him—surprised him somewhat, too, I think. He was not looking for an heir to his guardianship."

"He has been seeking you for years."

"Not very anxiously, I judge, by the way he talked. Why he told me that he thought I ought to have been hung long ago. Maybe I deserved it. I did give him a bit of my humor, I confess. I acted outrageously, perhaps; but I thought it my duty to give him a foretaste of the character of his ward. It is always best to put ourselves on a proper footing."

"You misbehaved yourself very badly," she said, in severe tones, "and should be ashamed of your action."

"Well, I flatter myself that I did give the old gentleman a start. I know that he thought me a lunatic."

"He had good reason," she replied.

"But how do you know all this? It is not an hour ago. You know my name; what is yours?"

He turned and looked her directly in the face, with a searching glance, before which her eyes dropped, and a heightened color came into her cheek.

"I know you now," he said, in an exultant voice.

"My name is Mary Browning," she simply replied.

"I was blind that I did not see it from the first. If I have said anything concerning your father to hurt your feelings, please count it as not said."

"I deserved it all," she said, "by concealing my name. I am glad you have come back, Mr. Lovelace. I remember you well, since I was a child. I thought then, that you were badly treated. Where have you been all these long years?"

"Wandering—wandering. A very gipsy—making the whole face of the earth my home."

"You left here with a circus company?"

"Yes; I graduated in that art. I have learned all the mysteries of ground and lofty tumbling, can dance on the tight-rope, eat fire, swallow swords, and ride like a Comanche Indian. You should see me in the fearful bare-back act, astride of two fiery steeds—untamed coursers of the desert—leaping over lofty bars, vaulting from steed to steed, till I have brought the whole audience to their feet, with eyes starting from their heads and their hearts in their mouths."

He had risen to his feet, and declaimed this speech unto its ridiculous termination with a fiery vehemence that thrilled through her as if she then beheld him coursing on his fiery steeds—the Apollo of the ring.

"From the circus I turned to the theatre," he continued. "There is nothing you can imagine I haven't played in my time. I have been the terrific Roman soldier, who marches on the stage in a helmet three sizes too large for him, and with a dozen more terrible legionaries, makes up an army. I have been the awkward servant, who has to say 'Yes, my lord,' and forgets half that. I have gone up to the supreme height of Toodles, and bought coffins at auction. I have shown the galleries a Brutus fit to make Rome howl, and a Hamlet that would have brought tears from the eyes of a potato. I have tried every line but Romeo, and for that part I have never yet found my Juliet."

He looked into her interested face with a glance that said plainly that he was now prepared to play the ardent lover, with her for the daughter of Capulet. The significance of the glance was lost on her.

"I have never been to the theatre," she innocently said.

"Then you have not yet begun to live. You have only vegetated so far through your period of existence."

"Is it really so delightful?"

"De light ful!" The syllables were drawn out in a long-drawn sound that added four-fold force to the word. "It is the acme of life—the great ultimatum of existence. On the stage, a man duplicates himself in so many shapes, that he lives a hundred lives in one. You should see my Richard. You should hear me give

'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!'

That's the point to bring down the galleries!"

It brought down his present auditor. In her ignorance of theatrical customs and stage tones, she was actually frightened at his vehemence.

She rose nervously, saying that she must go home. He volunteered to accompany her, but she would not permit it. They parted—each with new thoughts and sensations. It seemed to her as if a tornado had blown across the calm current of her life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FACETIÆ.

CENTENNIAL INVITATION.

Oh! come,
With fife and drum,
And the big brass band,
From all over the land,
And celebrate
And dedicate
The Great Centennial!
The young,
The old, the strong,
And every one,
From Stonington
To climes perennial!
Come! come!
And make things hum,
With the big bass drum,
And hearty cheers and noise—
Men, women, and the boys
And girls and little ones,
With banners and pop guns—
Celebrate and dedicate
The great day of the Nation!
Oh! come from all creation.
—*From the Omaha Republican.*

All the angels mentioned in the Bible are males, but all the angels in the world at this period are females.

"Now my little boys and girls," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still—so that you can hear a pin drop." In a moment all was silent, when a little boy cried out, "Let her drop!"

"No Genius," she said, in response to his question, "it is not true that a string of new belt-buckles in a shop window would make any woman lose a train; but," she added, musingly, "sometimes she might have to run a little."

A rural editor, wishing to be severe upon an exchange, remarks: "The subscriber of the —— in this place, tried, a few days ago, to carry home some lard in a copy of that paper; but, on reaching home, found that the concentrated lie had changed it to soap."

"Now, Willie, do have a little courage. When I have a powder to take. I don't like it any more than you do; but I make up my mind that I will take it, and I *do!*"

"And when I have a powder to take," replied Willie, "I make up my mind that I won't take it, and I *don't!*"

A Short Novel.—Sweet Margaret Fane came up the lane from picking the red berries, and met young Paul, comely and tall, going to market with cherries. Stopping, she blushed, and he looked flushed—perhaps 'twas the burden they carried. When they passed on, their burdens were one, and at Christmas they were married.

A lady remarked to a popular divine that his sermons were a little too long.

"Don't you think so?" said she; "just a little?"

"Ah! dear madam," replied the divine, "I am afraid you don't like 'the milk of the Word.'"

"Yes, I do," said she; "but you know the fashion, nowadays, is condensed milk."

"Who's Herbert Spencer, Pop?" asked an inquiring Brooklyn boy of his father the other morning.

"He's a famous English philosopher, my son."

"And what's a philosopher?" continued the lad, with the business air of a person who could keep right on asking questions until doomsday.

"A philosopher," returned the father gravely, "is a man who never marries."

He came back to his mother looking very forlornly, with a big red swelling under his left eye, and four or five handsful of torn shirt boiling over his breeches hand.

"Why, where on earth have you been?" she asked.

"Me and Johnny's been playin'. He played he was a pirate, and I played I was a duke. Then he put on airs, and I got mad, and—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted his mother, her eyes flashing, "and you didn't flinch?"

"No'm, but the pirate licked."

Effects of the Centennial.—"You will be mine?" urged a faithful and substantial lover to a Philadelphia girl recently.

"Oh, no, I won't any such thing," she answered, archly.

"But why this change?" pleaded he; "you once felt different toward me."

"Oh, yes I know I did," she replied, "but I didn't think of the Centennial then, and the chances there'll be to pick up a foreign duke, or prince, or something!"

And as the disappointed youth turned sadly away you could see by his face that there was at least one soul which had lost its enthusiasm for the coming big show.

His Lucid Explanation.—A Chicago woman, who had been reading about the whiskey frauds in the paper, turned to her husband and inquired:

"My dear, what do the papers mean by saying that the man has 'squeezed'?"

"Why," replied the man, loftily, "they mean that some member of the ring has 'peached' on the rest."

"Peached on the rest?" exclaimed the wife; "now what does *that* mean?"

"Why, it means that he's—he's 'blowed on 'em.'"

"Blowed on them?"

"Yes; you see he's given 'em away.'"

"Given them away?"

"Why, of course. Can't you understand anything? Do you think I'm an unabridged dictionary?" continued the husband, impatiently. "It means he's—he's 'let out on 'em—'come back' on his 'pals'—'squealed'—you know?"

The woman did not seem quite satisfied with the man's lucid explanation; but, not wishing to appear ignorant in her husband's eyes, she remarked, "Ah, yes; I see!" and forbore further questioning.

Sothern and Toole.—The following joke was lately played off upon the tailors of Liverpool by the celebrated actors, Sothern and Toole: They were neither of them personally known in the locality in question. Enter Mr. Sothern. He addresses a fashionable tailor:

"I sail in the White Star steamer next week for America—want an outfit. Lord Duncansing, staying at London and Northwestern Hotel."

He is measured; looks at every kind of material in the shop; selects cloth, and orders forty pairs of trousers, fifteen coats, twenty-five waistcoats, four jackets, two overcoats. Amazement of tailor. Exit Sothern to enter several other tailoring establishments and give similar orders. Ten minutes elapse between each visit. During that period enter, hurriedly and excitedly, Mr. J. L. Toole.

"Have you seen him? Has he been here?"

"Who, what?"

"A gentleman, with black coat, grey trousers, brown hair, and eye-glass."

"Yes, yes!" says the tailor, influenced by Toole's intense excitement.

"He has ordered," exclaims the low commedian, looking at the bales and bundles which strew floor and counter, "he has ordered forty pairs of trousers, fifteen coats, twenty-five waistcoats, four jackets, two overcoats."

"He has," responds the tailor.

"He always does the moment he gets loose! He's mad, sir! Escaped from Hanwell! I'm his keeper! Which way did he go?"

General rush to the door to show the keeper the direction in which the maniac went. Frantic flight of Toole to next tailor's (previously fixed upon), and continuation of excitement. Next day everybody talking of the humor of Sothern and Toole; next night theatre crowded to suffocation.

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE BARQUE ABANDONED.

Simultaneous with the abduction on deck, there is a scene in the Condor's cabin that might be likened to a saturnalia of demons.

The skipper and Don Gregorio, sitting over their walnuts and wine, are startled by the sound of footsteps descending the stair; these heavy and hurried, bearing no resemblance to the gentle tread of women. They have no time to seek explanation, as that instant the door is dashed open, and several sailors burst in; the second mate at their head. Lantanas, facing the door, sees them first; Don Gregorio, turning in his seat, the instant after. Neither thinks of demanding a reason for the rude intrusion. The determined air of the intruders, with the fierce reckless expression on their faces, tells it would be idle.

In a time shorter than it takes to tell it, the two doomed men are made fast to the stanchioned chairs, where they sit bolt upright, firm as bollard heads, though not in silence. Both utter threats, oaths, angry fulminations. Not long are they allowed even freedom of speech. One of the sailors thrusts something between Captain Lantanas' teeth, gagging him. Another, ready prepared for remonstrance, does the like for Don Gregorio. Then the work of pillage proceeds. The locker lids are forced, and the boxes of gold dust dragged out. Several comings and goings are required for its transport to the pinnace; but at length it is stowed in the boat, the plunderers taking their seats beside it. One lingers in the cabin behind the rest; that fiend in human shape who has all along counselled killing the unfortunate men. Left alone with them—they helpless and at his mercy, he looks as if still determined to do this. It is not from any motive of compassion that he goes from one to the other, and strikes the gags from between their teeth. For at the same time he apostrophises them in horrid mockery:

"*Carramba!* I can't think of leaving two gentlemen seated at such a well-furnished table, without being able to hob-nob and converse with one another." Specially addressing Lantanas, he continues:

"You see, captain, I'm not spiteful; else I shouldn't think of showing you this bit of civility, after the insults you've offered me, since I've been second officer of your ship." Then approaching Don Gregorio angrily, he shrieks into his ears: "Perhaps you don't remember me, Montijo. But I do you. Can your worship recall a circumstance that occurred some six years ago, when you were alcalde-mayor of Yerba Buena? You may remember having a poor fellow pilloried and whipped, for doing a bit of contraband. I was that unfortunate individual; and this is my satisfaction for the indignity you put upon me. Keep your seats, gentlemen! Drink your wine and eat your walnuts. Before you've cleared the table, this fine barque, with your noble selves, will be at the bottom of the sea." The ruffian concludes with a peal of scornful laughter, continued as he ascends the cabin stair, after striding out and clanging the door behind him.

On deck, he finds himself alone; and hurrying to the ship's waist, scrambles over the side, down into the pinnace; where he finds everything stowed, the oarsmen seated on the thwarts, their oars in the rowlocks, ready to shove off. They are not all there yet. The first mate and Davis are still aboard the vessel.

There are those who would gladly cast loose and leave the laggards behind. Soon as stepping into the boat Padilla proposes it, the other Spaniards abetting him. But their traitorous desire is opposed by Striker. However otherwise debased, the ex-convict is true to the men who speak his own tongue. He protests in strong, determined language, and is backed by the Dutchman, Dane, and La Crosse, as also Tarry and Slush.

"Bah!" exclaims Padilla, seeing himself in the minority; "I was only jesting. Of course, I had no intention to abandon them. Ha, ha, ha!" he adds with a forced laugh, "we'd be the blackest of traitors to behave that way."

Striker pays no heed to the hypocritical speech, but calls to his fellow-convict and Harry Blew, alternately pronouncing their names. He at length gets response, and soon after sees Davis above, clambering over the rail. Blew is not far off, but still does not appear. He is by the foot of the mainmast with a haulyard in his hands, as though hoisting something aloft. The moon has become clouded, and it is too dark for any one to see what it is.

"Hillo, there, Blew!" again hails Striker; "what be a-keepin' ye? Hurry down! These Spanish chaps are threatning to go off without ye."

"Hang it!" exclaims the chief mate, now showing at the side; "I hope that ain't true!"

"Certainly not!" exclaims Padilla; "nothing of the kind. We were only afraid you might delay too long, and be in danger of going down with the vessel!"

"Not much fear o' that," returns Blew, dropping with Davis into the boat. "It'll be some time afore she sinks. Ye fixed the rudder for her to run out, didn't ye?"

"Ay, ay!" responds he who was last at the wheel.

"All right; shove off, then! The wind 'll take the old Condor straight seawart; an' long afore sunrise, she'll be out sight o' land. Give way there—way!"

The oars dip and plash. The boat separates from the side, with prow turned shoreward. The barque, with all sail spread, is left to herself and the breeze, which wafts her gently away towards the wide wilderness of ocean.

Proceeding cautiously, and guarding against the rattle of an oar in its rowlock, the pirates run their boat through the breakers, and approach the shore. Ahead they see the two summits, with the moon just going down between them.

The shore outline is a cove of horseshoe shape, the cliffs extending around it. With a few more strokes the boat is brought into it, and glides on to its innermost end.

As the keel grates upon its shingly strand, their ears are saluted by a chorus of cries—the alarm signal of sea-birds, startled by the intrusion. Some fly up from the beach, others from ledges along the cliff's face. The scream of the sea-eagle can be distinguished like the laugh of the maniac. These sounds, notwithstanding their discordance, are sweet to those now hearing them. They tell of a shore uninhabited—literally, that the "coast is clear"—just as desired. Beaching their boat, the pirates sprang on shore, and lift the captives out; then their spoils; one unresisting as the other. Some go in search of a place where they may pass the night; for it is too late to think of moving inland. Between the strand and the cliff's base, they discover a place, several feet above sea-level, having an area of over an acre, covered with coarse grass; just the spot for camping-ground. As the sky has become clouded, and threatens a down-pour of rain, they carry thither the boat's sail, intending to rig it up as an awning. But a discovery is made which spares them the trouble. Along its base, the cliff is honeycombed with caves, one of ample dimensions, sufficient to shelter the whole crew. A ship's lamp, which they have brought with them, when lighted, throws its glare upon stalactites, that sparkle like the pendants of chandeliers. Disposing themselves in various attitudes, some reclined on their spread pilot-coats, some seated on stones or canvas bags, they enter upon a debauch with the wine abstracted from the cabin stores of the abandoned barque—drinking, talking, singing, and shouting, till the cavern rings with their rude revelry. It is well their captives are not compelled to take part in it. To them has been appropriated one of the smaller grottoes, the boat-sail fixed in front, securing them privacy. Harry Blew has done this. In the breast of the British man-o'war's man there is still a spark of delicacy. Though his gratitude has given way to the greed of gold, he has not yet sunk to the low level of ruffianism around him.

While the carousal is thus carried on within the cave, without, the overcast sky begins to discharge itself. Lightning forks and flashes athwart the firmament; thunder rolls reverberating along the cliffs; a strong wind sweeps them; and rushes down in torrents.

It is a tropical storm, short lived, lasting scarcely an hour; but while on, it lashes the sea into fury, driving the breakers upon the beach, where the boat has been left loosely moored. In the reflux of the ebbing tide, it is set afloat and carried away seaward. Coming upon the coral reef, it bilges, is broken to pieces, and the fragments, as waifs, dance about and drift far away over the foam-crested billows.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TWO TARQUINS.

It is an hour after midnight. A calm has succeeded the storm, and silence reigns around the cove where the pirates have put in.

The ruffians have ended their carousal. Their profane songs, ribald jests, and drunken cachinations inharmoniously mingling with the soft monotone of the sea, have ceased to be heard. They lie outstretch along the cavern floor, its hollow aisles echoing back only their snores and stertorous breathing.

But they are not all asleep, nor all inside the cavern. Two are outside, seen making approach to the grotto occupied by the captive girls. As the moon has gone down, it is too dark to distinguish their faces. Still, there is light enough reflected from the luminous surface of the sea to show that neither is in sailor garb, but in the habiliments of landsmen—this the national costume of Spanish California. On their heads are *sombreros* of ample brim; on their legs, trousers—open-seamed, flapping loose around their ankles; while over their shoulders they carry cloaks, which, by their peculiar drape, are recognizable as *mangas* of Mexico.

In the obscurity, the colors cannot be determined, but one is scarlet and the other sky-blue. As dressed now, it would be difficult to identify these two men as Gomez and Hernandez. Yet it is they.

They are approaching the grotto without any show of fear or even caution, slowly and in conversation.

Gomez strides on towards the grotto, the other after, like two Tarquins about to invade the sleep of innocence.

Though the cave is in darkness, its occupants are not asleep. To them repose is impossible. They are experiencing the keenest anguish possible to human heart. They have passed through its first throes, and are, for the time, calmer. But it is the tranquility of despair—of deep, deadening grief. They mourn him dearest to them dead. They have no doubt that he is so. How could they? While in the boat, they heard their captors speak about the scuttling of the ship, well knowing what was meant. Long since has she gone to the bottom of the sea, with the living, or perhaps, only their lifeless bodies, for they may have been murdered before being abandoned. No matter now, in what way death came to them. Enough of sadness and horror to think it has come, without speculating on details—enough for the bereaved ones to know they are bereft; nor do they need telling why it has all been done. Though hindered from seeing while in the boat, they have heard. Cupidity the cause of the crime, resulting in a conspiracy, a scheme to plunder the ship. Alas, it has succeeded!

But all is not yet over. Would that it were! There is something they fear to reflect upon, much more to speak of to one another. What is to be their own fate? They can neither tell nor guess. In their affliction, their thoughts are too distracted for calm and clear reasoning. But in the midst of vague visions, one assumes a shape too well defined, with darkest shadows filling up the outline. It is the same of which Carmen was speaking when seized. She again returns to it, saying:

"Inez, I'm now almost sure we are not in the hands of strangers. What has happened and those voices we heard tell me my suspicions have been correct."

"Heaven help us if it is so!"

"Yes; Heaven help us! Even from pirates we might have expected some mercy, but none from them. *Ay de mi!* what will become of us?"

The interrogatory is only answered by a sigh. The proud spirit of the Andalusian girl, habitually cheerful, is now crushed by a weight of wretchedness enough to steep it in despair. After a time they again exchange speech, seeking counsel of one another. Is there no hope, no hand to help, no one to whom they may turn in this hour of dread ordeal?

No, not one. Even the English sailor, in whom they had trusted, has proved untrue—to all appearance, from what they have seen and heard, chief of the traitorous crew. Every human being seems to have abandoned them. Has God?

"Let us pray to Him!" says Carmen.

"Yes," answers Inez; "He only can help us now."

They kneel side by side on the hard, cold floor of the cavern, and send up their voices in earnest prayer, in trembling accents, but with a fervor eloquent through fear, and while they are still in a kneeling attitude, a noise outside succeeds their appeal to Heaven, suddenly recalling them to earthly thoughts and fears.

They hear voices of men in conversation. At the same time the sail-cloth is pushed aside, and two men press past it into the cave. Soon as entering, one says:

"Senoritas, we must ask pardon for making our somewhat untimely call, which present circumstances render imperative. It's to be hoped, however, you won't stand upon such stiff ceremony with us, as when we had the honor of last paying our respects to you."

After this singular peroration, the speaker pauses to see what may be the effect of his words. As this cannot be gathered from any reply—since none is vouchsafed—he continues.

"Donna Carmen Montijo, you and I are old acquaintances, though it may be you do not remember my voice. With the sound of the sea so long echoing in your ears, it's not strange you should not. Perhaps the sense of sight will prove more effectual in recalling an old friend. Let me give you something to assist it."

Saying this, he holds out a lantern, hitherto concealed beneath his cloak. As it lights up the grotto, four figures are seen erect, for the girls have sprung to their feet in apprehension of immediate danger. Upon all, the light shines clear, and, fronting her, Carmen Montijo sees—too surely recognizing it—the face of Francisco de Lara; while in her *vis-a-vis*, Inez Alvarez beholds Faustino Calderon.

Yes; before them are their scorned suitors; no longer disguised in sailor garb, but resplendent in their Californian costume—the same worn by them on that day of their degradation, when De Lara rolled in the dust of the Dolores road.

Now that he has them in his power, his triumph is complete, and in strains of exultation, he continues:

"So, ladies, we have come together again. No doubt you're a little surprised at our presence, but I hope not annoyed."

"Don Francisco de Lara," says Carmen, at length breaking silence, and speaking in a tone of piteous expostulation, "and you, Don Faustino Calderon, why have you committed this crime? What injury have we ever done you?"

"Come, not so fast, Carmen. Crime's a harsh word, and we've not committed any as yet—nothing to speak of."

"No crime! *Santissima!* My father—my poor father!"

"Don't be uneasy about him. He's safe enough."

"Safe! Dead—drowned!"

"No, no; that's all nonsense," protests the fiend, adding falsehood to his sin of deeper dye. "Don Gregorio is not where you say. Instead of being at the sea's bottom, he's sailing upon it's surface, and is likely to be, for no one knows how long. But let's drop that subject of the past, which seems unpleasant to you, and talk of the present—of ourselves. You ask what injury you've ever done us? Faustino Calderon may answer for himself to the fair Inez. To you, Donna Carmen, I shall make reply—— But we may as well confer privately."

At this, he lays hold of her wrist and leads her aside, Calderon conducting Inez in the opposite direction.

When the whole length of the cavern is between the two pairs, De Lara resumes speech.

"Yes, Donna Carmen; you have done me an injury—a double wrong, I may call it."

"How, sir?" she asks, releasing her hand from his and flinging him off with a disdainful gesture.

"How?" he retorts. "Why, in making me love you, by leading me to believe my love returned."

"You speak falsely. I never did so."

"You did, Donna Carmen; you did. It is you who speak false, denying it. That is the first wrong I have to reproach you with. The second is in casting me off as soon as you supposed you'd done with me. Not so, as you see now. We are together again—never more to part till I've had satisfaction for every injury received at your hands. I once hinted, and now tell you plainly, you've made a mistake in trifling with Francisco de Lara."

"I never trifled with you, senor. What means this? Man—if you be a man—have mercy! Oh! what would you—what would you?"

"Nothing to call for such distracted entreaty. On the contrary, I've brought you here—for I'll not deny that it's I who have done it—to grant you favors, instead of asking them—or even satisfying resentments. What I intend towards you, I hope you'll appreciate. To shorten explanations—for which we've neither opportunity nor time—I want you for my wife—want you, and will have you."

"*Your* wife!"

"Yes; *my* wife! You needn't look surprise, nor counterfeit feeling it. And equally idle for you to make opposition. I've determined upon it, Senorita! you must marry me!"

"Marry the murderer of my father! Sooner than do that, you shall also be mine. Wretch! I am in your power! You can kill me now!"

"I know all that without your telling me. But I don't intend killing you. On the contrary, I shall take care to keep alive, until I've tried what sort of a wife you'll make. Should you prove a good one, and fairly affectionate, we two may lead a happy life together; notwithstanding the little unpleasantness that's been between us. If not, and our wedded bondage prove uncongenial, why, then, I may release you in the way you wish, or any other that seems suitable. After the honeymoon, you shall have your choice. Now, Dona Carmen! those are my conditions. I hope you find them fair enough?"

She makes no reply. The proud girl is dumb, partly with indignation, partly from the knowledge that all speech would be idle. But while angry to the utmost, she is also afraid—trembling at the alternative presented—death or dishonor;

the last if she marry the murderer of her father; the first if she refused him.

The ruffian repeats his proposal in the same cynical strain, concluding it with a threat.

She is at length stung to reply; which she does in but two words, twice repeated; they are:

"Kill me—kill me!"

Almost at the same time does Inez answer her cowardly suitor, who in a corner of the grotto has alike brought her to bay.

After the dual response, there is a short interval of silence. Then De Lara speaking for both, says:

"Senoritas, we shall leave you now; you can go to sleep without fear of further solicitation. No doubt, after a night's rest, you'll awake to a more sensible view of matters in general, and the case as it stands. Of one thing be assured: that there's no chance of your escaping from your present captivity, unless by consenting to change your names. And if you don't consent, they'll be changed all the same. Yes, Carmen Montijo, before another week passes over your head, you shall be addressed as Dona Carmen de Lara!"

"And you, Inez Alvarez, will be called Dona Inez Calderon. No need for you to feel dishonored by a name among the best in California—noble as your own; aye, or any in Spain."

"*Hasta manana, muchachas!*" salutes De Lara. "*Pasan Vos buena noche!*" (Till morning, ladies; good-night!)

Calderon repeating the same formulary of speech, the two step towards the entrance, lift up the piece of suspended sail-cloth, and pass out into the night. They take the lantern along with them, again leaving the grotto in darkness.

The girls grope their way till they touch each other. Then, closing in an agonized embrace, they sink together upon the floor of the cavern!

CHAPTER XLV.

AN AWKWARD QUESTION.

The sun that shines upon the abandoned barque lights up the crew that abandoned her, on the same spot where they have made landing. When the day dawns, but little is seen to betray their presence there. Only a man seated upon a stone, nodding as if asleep, at intervals awakening with a start, and grasping at a gun between his legs; soon letting it go, and again giving way to slumber, the effects of that drunken debauch kept up to a late hour of the night. He would be a poor sentinel were there need for vigilance. Seemingly, there is none. No enemy is near—no human being in sight; the only animate objects are some sea birds that, winging their way along the face of the cliff, salute him with an occasional scream, as if incensed by his presence in a spot they deem sacred to themselves.

The sun fairly up, he rises to his feet, and walks towards the entrance of the larger cavern; then stopping in front of it, cries out:

"Inside there, shipmates! Sun's up—time to be stirring!"

Seeing him in motion, and hearing his hail, the gulls gather and swoop around his head in continuous screaming. In larger numbers, and with cries more stridulous, as his comrades come forth out of the cave, one after another, yawning and stretching their arms.

The first, looking seaward, proposes to refresh himself by a plunge in the surf; and for this purpose starts toward the beach. The others, taken with the idea, follow in twos and threes, till in a string all are in motion.

To reach the strand it is necessary for them to pass through the gap in the transverse ledge, which the tide, now at ebb, enables them to do. He who leads, having gone through it, on getting a view of the shore outside, suddenly stops; as he does so, sending back a shout. It is a cry of surprise, followed by the startling announcement: "The boat's gone!"

This should cause them apprehension, and would, if they but knew the consequences. Ignorant of these they make light of it, one saying:

"Let her go, then! We want no boats now."

"A horse would be more to our purpose," suggests a second; "or, for that matter, a dozen of them."

"A dozen donkeys would do," adds a third, accompanying his remark with a horse-laugh. "It'll take about that many to pack our chattels."

"What's become of the old pinnace, anyhow?" asks one in sober strain, as having passed through the rock-portal, they stand scanning the strand.

All remember the place where they landed and left the boat. They see it is not there.

"Has any one made away with it?"

The question is asked, and instantly answered, several saying no. Striker, the man who first missed it, vouchsafes the explanation.

"The return tide's taken it out, an', I dar say, it's broke to bits on them theer breakers."

All now remember that it was not properly moored, but left with painter loose; and do not wonder it went adrift. They care little, indeed nothing, and think of it no longer; but, stripping, plunge into the surf. After bathing to their hearts' content, they return to the cavern, and array themselves in garments befitted to the life they intend leading. Their tarry togs are cast off, to be altogether abandoned; for each has a suit of shore clothes brought away from the barque.

Every one rigged out in his own peculiar style, they draw together to deliberate on a plan of future action. Breakfast has been already eaten; and now comes the matter of greatest moment—the partition of the spoils.

It is done in little time, and with no great trouble. The boxes are broken open and the gold-dust measured out in a pannikin; a like number of measures apportioned to each, round and round.

In money value no one knows the exact amount of his share. Enough satisfaction to feel it is nigh as much as he can carry. After each has appropriated his own, they commence packing up and preparing for the inland journey.

La Crosse has been sent up the ravine, to report how things look inland. The four Spaniards have signified their intention to remain a little longer on the ground; while the three Englishmen have not said when they will leave. They are together conferring in low voice; but with an earnestness in their eyes, especially Blew's, which makes it easy to guess the subject. Only the theme of woman could kindle these fiery glances.

At length the dreaded interrogatory is put, and Gomez answers:

"They'll, of course, go with us—with Senor Hernandez and myself."

"I don't see any of course about it," says Blew. "And more'n that, I tell ye they don't go with ye—leastwise, not so cheap as you think for."

"What do you mean, Mr. Blew?" demands the Spaniard, his eyes showing anger, at the same time a certain uneasiness.

"No use your losin' temper, Gil Gomez. You ain't goin' to scare me. So you may as well keep cool. By doin' that, and listenin', you'll larn what I mean. The which is, that you and Hernandez have no more right to them creeturs in the cave than any o' the rest of us. Just as the gold, so ought it to be wi' the girls. In course, we can't divide them all round; but that's no reason why any two should take 'em, so long's any other two wants 'em as well. Now, I wants one o' them."

"And I another!" puts in Davis.

"Yes," continues Blew; "and though I be a bit older than you, Mr. Gomez, and not quite so pretentious a gentleman, I can like a pretty wench as well as yerself. I've took a fancy to the one wi' the tortoise-shell hair, an' an't goin' to gie her up in the slack way you seem to be wishin'."

"Glad to hear it's the red one, Blew," says Davis. "As I'm for the black one, there's no rivalry between us. Her I mean to be mine—unless some better man hinders me."

"You needn't waste your breath," interrupts Gomez, in a tone of determination. "I admit no dispute in the matter. If these gentlemen insist, there's but one way of settling. First, however, I'll say a word to explain. One of these ladies is my sweetheart—was, before I ever saw any of you. Senor Hernandez here can say the same of the other. Nay, I may tell you more; they are pledged to us."

"It's a lie!" cries Blew, confronting the slanderer, and looking him straight in the face. "A lie, Gil Gomez, from the bottom o' your black heart!"

"Enough!" exclaims Gomez, now purple with rage. "No man can give Frank Lara the lie, and live after."

"Frank Lara, or whatever you may call ye self, I'll live long enough to see you under ground—or what's more like, hangin' wi' your throat in a halter. Don't make any mistake about me. I can shoot straight as you."

"Avast theer!" shouts Striker to De Lara, seeing the latter about to draw a pistol. "Keep yer hand off o' that wepun! If theer must be a fight, let it be a fair one."

While speaking, he has stepped between the two men, staying their encounter.

"Yes; let the fight be a fair one!" demand several voices, as the pirates come clustering around.

"*Curajo!*" cries Gomez. "My style of settling disputes is this, or this." He touches his pistol-butt, and then the hilt of a *machete* hanging by his side, adding: "Mr. Blew can have his choice."

"All right!" retorts the ex-man-o'-war's-man. "I'm good for a bout with either, and don't care a toss which. Pistols at six paces, or my cutlass against that straight blade of yours."

"That's best, and will make the end sure. Get ready, and quick; for as sure as I stand here, I intend fighting you!"

"Say you intend tryin'. I'm ready to give you the chance. You can begin soon's you feel disposed."

All know it to be a duel to the death. A glance at the antagonists—at their angry eyes, and determined attitudes—makes this sure. On that lonely shore one of the two will sleep his last sleep; it may be both.

The combat, now declared inevitable, its preliminaries are speedily arranged. Under the circumstances, and between such adversaries, the punctilios of ceremony to be satisfied are slight; for theirs is the rough code of honor common to robbers of all countries and climes. No seconds are chosen, nor spoken of. All on the ground are to act as such; and at once proceed to business.

Some measure off the distance, stepping it between two stones. Others examine the pistols, to see that both are loaded with ball-cartridge, and carefully capped. The fight is to be with Colt's six-shooters, navy size. Each combatant chances to have one of this particular pattern. They are to commence firing at twelve paces, and if that be ineffectual, then close up, as either chooses. If neither fall to the shots, then to finish with the steel.

The duellists take stand by the stones, twelve paces apart.

The customary "Ready" is forming on Striker's lips, to be followed by the "Fire!—one—two—three!" No one of these words—not a syllable—is he permitted to speak. Before he can give utterance to the first, a cry comes down from the cliff, which arrests the attention of all; soon as understood, enchaining it.

It is La Crosse who sends it, shouting in accent of alarm:

"Monsieur Blew! comrades! *we're on an island!*"

The pirates, on hearing the cry of La Crosse, are at first only startled. Soon their surprise changes to apprehension; keen enough to stay the threatening fight, and indefinitely postpone it. For at the words "We're on an island," they are impressed with an instinctive sense of danger; and all, combatants as spectators, rush up the ravine, to the summit of the cliff, where La Crosse is still standing.

Arrived there, and casting their eyes inland, they have evidence of the truth of his assertion. A strait, leagues in width, separates them from the mainland. Far too wide to be crossed by the strongest swimmer amongst them—too wide for them to be descried from the opposite side, even through a telescope! The land on which they have beached their boat is a mere strip of sea-washed rock, running parallel to the coast, cliff-bound, table-topped, sterile, treeless; and to all appearance, waterless!

As this last thought comes uppermost—along with the recollection that their boat is lost—what was at first only a flurry of excited apprehension, becomes a fixed fear. Still further intensified, when after scattering over the islet, and exploring it from end to end, they again come together, and each party delivers its report. No wood save some stunted bushes; no water—stream, pond, or spring; only that of the salt sea rippling around; no sign of animal life, except snakes, scorpions, and lizards, with the birds flying above—screaming as if in triumph at the intruders upon their domain being thus entrapped!

The interrupted duel—what of it? Nothing. It is not likely ever to be fought. Between the *ci devant* combatants, mad anger and jealous rivalry may still remain. But neither shows it now; both subdued, in contemplation of the common peril, Blew apparently less affected than his antagonist. But all are frightened—awed by a combination of occurrences, that look as though an avenging angel had been sent to punish them for their crimes!

A fearful fate now threatens the crew of the Condor, in horror equaling that to which those left aboard of her have been consigned. Well may they deem it a retribution—that God's hand is upon them, meting out a punishment apportioned to their crime!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SNOW-SHOE AND RIFLE;

OR,

The Trail of the Phantom Moose.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Author of "Renegade Chief," "Sword and Saddle, Etc.

NUMBER III.

KIT AND THE ELK—CHIAPAH TELLS A STORY—THE OLD CHIEF'S END.

The cabin on Saddleback welcomed the moose hunters, and a warm fire revealed the roughly plastered interior. I have said that the Androscoggins were rewarded for their rescue. Some powder and lead and a number of trinkets brought from Portland were distributed among them, and the sons of the forest were highly elated.

It seems that they sought Mooseprong for the purpose of hunting the moose that frequented the lake. They found the place deserted save by Snow-Shoe Kit, who lay insensible in the snow. He was at once recognized by the Indians, whose rough manner of resuscitation had the desired effect. When he had recovered sufficiently for conversation, the moose-hunter related his adventure, and urged his rescuers to bas on forward after his young *proteger*, whose situation without his presence he considered critical.

A few words will serve to narrate his adventure at the lake; for we must hasten to the thrilling incident that followed the rescue from the wolves.

Kit discovered upon reaching the lake that the snow had almost hidden the trail of the herd of moose. For some time he followed the faint track spared by the falling flakes and then gave up the pursuit. The spectres had crossed the ice and were pushing through the forest towards Mooselucmaguntic. He resolved to return to the boys who were no doubt growing uneasy over his absence, and actually turned his face towards the ravine.

All at once the sound of moose to his right caused him to halt, and with the hope that the phantoms were at hand, he turned towards the noise. He saw several large elk stripping the young pines. The dim light magnified their forms in the hunter's eyes, and he believed that he stood face to face with one of the pine demons. A long aim he took at the stripper of the tree, and at the crack of his rifle the giant moose dropped on his knees. Without reloading, but knife in hand, the hunter sprang forward to finish his work; but alas! the moose, sorely wounded and bellowing with rage, met him on all fours. The black eyes flashed like sparks of fire, and the hunter saw his peril. But he could not avoid it. The infuriated brute darted upon him with lowered head, and the great antlers sent him senseless to the snow. All this was the work of a minute, and in the dim light of eventide, and amid the whirling flakes of snow. Not satisfied with felling his antagonist, the moose dealt him several blows, and then turned and fled, leaving behind a bloody trail not difficult to follow.

As I have said, the hunting party of Androscoggins found Snow-Shoe Kit senseless in the snow. After reaching the cabin he narrated his adventure to the young Nimrods, declaring that one of the gigantic moose of the weird story had been his antagonist. He averred that the animal was five-and-twenty hands high, with a brace of antlers greater than the antlers of fable, and eyes as large as the dial of a Nuremburg watch. To his somewhat exaggerated description of the moose the Indians listened with breathless attention, and the boys did not let a word escape them.

To the savages the story was old, and they gazed with awe upon the white man who had met in combat one of the ghostly characters of the wigwam legend. Snow-Shoe Kit became the Indians' hero, and they patted him on the shoulder and called him "big brave," to the amusement of the young Portlanders.

They were the first Indians that had visited Snow-bank House since its erection, and the first, also, with whom the boys had the opportunity of conversing. They were, with one exception, savages under thirty-five years of age; the one who had passed that time was the tallest member of the party. He had seen, as he expressed himself, the moose for seventy-three winters; but his venerable frame was still strong and gave promise of withstanding the storms of lake and woods for years to come.

That his mind was stored with legends several sentences casually dropped informed the boys, who, when the formality of Indian acquaintance had worn off, pressed old Chiapah to tell a story.

He glanced at his red companions, several of whom nodded, and refilled the elk horn smoking pipe from Kit's tobacco pouch.

This was the prelude to the following story:

A TRAGEDY OF MOOSEPRONG.

"The moon was young many winter nights ago, and the moose were dropping their horns all over the forest. The snow covered the Indian's hunting grounds, and lay heavy against the sides of his wigwams. The wind cut the cheeks of the warriors, and blew the hunters against the pines when they went to hunt food for their starving families. For that winter the moose could not be shot, and the retreat of the bear was hidden from the Androscoggin's eye by the white snow. Manitou was mad at the red men. Their prophets said that he frowned on the Indian because he allowed the white hunters to chase the wild game through the pine woods and draw the trout and salmon from the long rivers and crooked lakes. The wolf whetted his teeth on Indian bones, and, in numbers greater than the pine burrs, the mad animals invaded our villages, and carried off our pappooses and old men.

"Chiapah was young then; the snows of twenty-two winters had fallen on his long hair; and he could send an arrow farther than any Androscoggin that wore snow-shoes. He hunted the moose up and down the rivers, and followed him to the hunting-grounds of the Penobscots and the Norridgenocks.

"He hunted meat for Neto, for Chiapah had no squaw then, and"—with a mournful shake of the head—"he never had one in all his life. Neto must have meat or perish, like many had perished, from gnawing the hard pine bark and the bad roots of the forest. She looked to Chiapah for food, for the chief, her father, was dead, and could not hunt for his child. And Chiapah loved Neto.

"Now there came from the land of the Penobscots a young brave named Seostra, or the Grey Eagle. He was older than Chiapah; but not so tall. He saw Neto and offered to guide her to his people, where moose were plenty and where all the red people were fat. Neto listened, but would not leave Chiapah. She would starve with him rather than build Seostra's fires in the wigwam of the Penobscot.

"Seostra would not go away. He hung about Neto's lodge like a dog, talking to her about the fat venison and quails of the Penobscot country, and asking her if she would sooner die the death of starvation than live in plenty. He crossed Chiapah's path until Chiapah gave him an arrow, which meant war. Neto heard all, and said that she would stand by the issue of the fight.

"One night when the moon was bright, Chiapah and Seostra, the Penobscot, followed the trail to Mooseprong. With their hatchets they cut a hole in the ice until they could feel the cold water and see the stars in its dark depths. They were going to fight for Neto, who was to become the squaw of the victor.

"When all was ready, Chiapah gave the signal, and at it the two men went with their keen tomakawks. It was blow for blow, blood for blood, Seostra now yielding an inch, then forcing Chiapah back. In the moonlight the red men fought till the handle of Chiapah's tomahawk snapped and the stone fell into Mooseprong. Seostra shouted at the vantage, and sprang up on Chiapah. The Androscoggin could not draw his knife before the blow. It came furious. Seostra was the victor. He bent over Chiapah with his knife, and his hands were clutching a scalp-lock when Neto leaped from a bunch of alders. She had seen the fight.

"One look she gave Chiapah, Seostra one, and then leaped into the icy waters of Mooseprong? Seostra leaped up, and Chiapah, too! The Penobscot thrust his body into the hole in which the victor was to bury the vanquished; but could not touch the red girl. Chiapah knew that Neto was under the ice—that she would never become a squaw. He suddenly grew strong and very mad. He saw the Penobscot with his hand in the water; he was calling for Neto. But all at once his cries stopped. Chiapah's knife was bloody, and no Penobscot leaned over the water.

"Chiapah has told his story, and his life, like his pipe, is going out. Many moons have shone on Mooseprong since the night when Chiapah and Seostra fought for Neto. The Penobscot came to the Androscoggins and asked for their young chief. Chiapah sealed his lips, and the two nations dug up the hatchet. Long and bloody was the war; but the Androscoggins drove their adversaries across the great river and sold them peace."

The old Indian ceased, and found his pipe entirely extinguished.

Harold McDonald took a coal from the edge of the fire, and handed it toward Chiapah with a chip.

But the Androscoggin shook his head.

"Chiapah has smoked his last pipe," he said mournfully but with emphasis. "His life is going fast to the hunting-grounds of the Manitou."

Handing the pipe to Kit he rose to his feet and threw off his blanket. Then he tore the eagle feathers from his head and folded his arms.

Every eye was fixed upon the chief, and the faces of the boys were quite pale.

Chiapah seemed to know that his death was at hand, for the murmuring of the Androscoggin's death song rippled over his lips. When it was finished he turned towards Mooseprong, stretched forth his arms invitingly, and then staggered slowly back.

One of his companions caught him and lowered him to the ground, where the blanket lately doffed was thrown over the almost naked form.

The young hunters looked into each other's faces, unable to speak, and not a little frightened. It was the first human death they had ever witnessed, and there was a solemnity about it that went to their hearts.

"I guess it was his time," said Snow-Shoe Kit, with a faint smile. "He was an old man, and Kit South's friend. I 'spect I am the best shot in these parts now. Chiapah was 'old caution' with the rifle; but he'll shoot no more. He'll tell no more stories, and from this time on I'll see ghosts at Mooseprong."

An hour later stillness reigned in the hut, and while the boys slept, the Androscoggins stole away with their dead chief.

"HEAL THYSELF."

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book of about 900 pages, illustrated with over 250 engravings and colored plates, and sold at the exceedingly low price of $1.50, tells you how to cure Catarrh, "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Sick, Bilious and other Headaches, Scrofula, Bronchial, Throat and Lung Diseases; all diseases peculiar to women, and most other chronic as well as acute disorders. It contains important information for the young and old, male and female, single and married, nowhere else to be found. Men and women, married and single, are tempted to ask their family physician thousands of questions on delicate topics, but are deterred from doing so by their modesty. This work answers just such questions so fully and plainly as to leave no one in doubt. It is sold by agents, or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M.D., World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

From the Lafayette Daily Courier.

A VALUABLE WORK.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, distinguished in surgery, and the general practice in the profession he honors, has made a valuable contribution to the medical literature of the day, in a comprehensive work entitled "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." While scientific throughout, it is singularly free from technical and stilted terms. It comes right down to the common sense of everyday life. Dr. Pierce is a noble specimen of American manhood. He has sprung from the people; and, with many sympathies in common with the masses, has thought to render them a substantial service in this the great work of his life.

A LEGEND OF 1776.

Night had set in deep, and in a small log hut, situated a few miles from Trenton, New Jersey, sat five men, four of whom were seated at an old oaken table in the centre of the room, engaged in playing cards, while they frequently moistened their throats with large draughts from an earthen jug that stood on the table.

They were heavily-bearded, coarse-looking men, and from their dress, which somewhat resembled the British uniform, they were evidently Tories. The other was a stout-built young man, clad in the Continental uniform. He sat in one corner of the room, with his face buried in his hands.

"Tom," said one of the Tories, rising from the table and seating himself near the young prisoner—for such he evidently was—"Tom, you and I were schoolboys together, and I love you yet. Now, why can't you give up your wild notions and join us? You're our prisoner, and if you don't, we shall hand you over to the headquarters to-morrow, while, if you join us, your fortune is made; for with your bravery and talents, you will distinguish yourself in the Royal army, and after the rebellion is crushed out, your case shall be rewarded by knighthood and promotion in the army. Now there are two alternatives, which do you choose?"

"Neither," said the young man, raising his head, and looking the Tory straight in the eyes. "I am now, as you say, your prisoner; but when the clock strikes twelve, I shall disappear in a cloud of fire and smoke, and neither you nor your comrades—not even myself—can prevent it. You may watch me as closely as you please; tie me, hand and foot, if you will, but higher power than yours has ordained that I should leave you at that time."

"Poor fellow! His mind wanders," said the Tory. "He'll talk differently in the morning." And he returned to his seat at the table, leaving the youth with his head again resting in his hands.

When the clock struck eleven, the young prisoner drew a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and asked the Tory leader if he had any objections to his smoking.

"None in the least;" he said, with a laugh. "That is, if you'll promise not to disappear in a cloud of tobacco-smoke."

The young man made no reply, but immediately filled his pipe, having done which, he arose and commenced pacing the floor.

He took half a dozen turns up and down each side of the room, approaching nearer the table each time, when, having exhausted his pipe, he returned to his seat and refilled it.

He continued to smoke until the clock struck twelve, when he arose from his seat, and, slowly knocking the ashes out of his pipe, said:

"There, boys, it's twelve o'clock, and I must leave you. Good-by!"

Immediately, all around the room were seen streaks of fire hissing and squirming—the cabin was filled with dense, sulphurous smoke, amidst which was a clap of thunder. The Tories sat in their chairs, paralyzed with fear.

The smoke cleared away, but the prisoner was nowhere to be seen. The table was overturned, the window was smashed to pieces, and one chair was lying on the ground outside of the building.

The Tory leader, after recovering from his stupor, gave one glance around the room, and sprang out of the window, followed by his comrades. They ran through the forest at the top of their speed, in the direction of the British encampment, leaving their muskets and other arms to the mercy of the flames, which had now begun to devour the cabin.

The next day, two young men in the uniform of the Continental army, were seen standing near the ruins of the old cabin. One was our prisoner of the night previous.

"Let us hear all about it, Tom," said the other.

"Well;" said he, "last evening, as I was passing this place, two Tories ran out of the cabin and took possession of me. Before I could make any resistance, they took me in, and who do you suppose I saw as a leader of their party but John Barton, our old schoolmate. He talked with me, and tried to induce me to join them; but I told them I couldn't do it, that at twelve o'clock I was going to escape—disappear in a cloud of smoke. But he laughed at me and said I was out of my head. About eleven o'clock, I asked him if I might smoke. He said he had no objections, so I filled my pipe and commenced walking the floor. I had about a pound of gunpowder in my pocket, and as I walked, strewed it all over the floor. When the clock struck twelve, I bade them good-by and told them I had to go. I then knocked the ashes out of my pipe, the powder ignited, and a dazzling flame of fire shot all over the room, filling it with smoke. I hurled a chair through the window, sprang out, and left them. You know the rest."

THE OLDEST TOBACCO-PIPES IN THE WORLD.

There are some remarkable objects to be met with amongst the relics of North American antiquity, but none are more curious than the stone tobacco-pipes which have been discovered in the mounds formed by the early inhabitants of the continent. They are, undoubtedly, the oldest things of the sort in the world. There is something about them, however, more interesting than age.

"These pipes," remarks one writer, "are unique in form, and are carved out of hard, ornamental stone, in which their bowls are hollowed and their tubes drilled with perfect skill, and the bowls themselves are sculptured into the forms of birds, animals, and human heads, in a manner quite unapproachable by any but civilized races."

This is information which must rejoice the heart of every smoker. Is it not gratifying to know that the use of the gentle weed was thought so much of by races now hidden in the mists of antiquity, that they exhausted all the resources of their ingenuity and artistic skill upon the construction and ornamentation of the needful apparatus?

It may be added, that elaborately-carved pipes continue to be made by the North American Indians in the present day. Some tribes devote most of their attention to the ornamentation of the bowl, others to that of the stem. Occasionally the bowl is adapted for the insertion of two tubes—a convenient arrangement, whereby two smokers may inhale the fumes of the tobacco at the same time.

RECEIPTS.

NEW linen may be embroidered more easily by rubbing it over with fine white soap. It prevents the threads from cracking.

TO cleanse articles from tar, rosin, or any compounds of a resinous character, the use of flax-seed meal, moistened with water, is recommended.

TAN can be removed from the face by dissolving magnesia in soft water—beat it to a thick mass, spread on the face and let it remain a minute or two. Then wash off with Castile soapsuds and rinse with soft water.

FOR chilblains, cut up two white turnips, without paring, into thin slices; put the slices into a tin cup with three large spoonfuls of best lard; let it simmer slowly for two hours, then mash through a sieve; when cold spread it on a soft linen cloth and apply to the chilblain at night.

TO ascertain whether a bed be damp or not, after the bed is warmed put a cold glass globe in between the sheets, and, if the bed be damp, in a few minutes drops of wet will appear in the inside of the glass. This is of great consequence to be attended to in traveling, as many persons have laid the foundation of incurable disorders by sleeping in a damp bed.

FOR keeping the teeth white there is nothing better than fine coal ashes. Take a very fine sieve and sift what you want, throw away the coals, and what remains will be nearly as fine as flour. Now wet your brush, dip it in the ashes and use. Of course it feels very gritty to the mouth; so also does what the dentists cleanse with; but it will not cost you one dollar, which is the dentist's fee—generally half an hour's work. It leaves the teeth perfectly white and sweet. Use every week or two.

THE following is said to be an excellent receipt for a good black ink: To one quart of strong decoction of logwood, well strained, add three ounces of blue galls in coarse powder, twelve drachms sulphate of iron, one and one quarter drachms acetate of copper, twelve drachms of well ground sugar, one and one-half ounces of gum arabic. Set it over the fire till it begins to boil, then set it away uncorked till it has turned black enough; add a few cloves to keep out the mould. It is a real pleasure to open a letter and find a clear, legible chirography, in ink of a decided color.

RUSSIAN CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—H. Hauerwiz says that for some time past. *Herba serpylli* (wild thyme) has been used with great success to effect a permanent cure of drunkenness; in case of a relapse (only after years), a short treatment will effect a cure again. The treatment consists in making an infusion of wild thyme (1½ oz. to 1½ pints), and give the patient a teacupful every half hour. The next day it is given every two hours, and then four to six times a day until the cure is complete, which generally takes from two to three weeks. The effects are in the following order: vomiting, diarrhœa, increased urine, strong transpiration; then, generally, increased appetite and craving for acidulous beverages. Diet: easily digested food, and lemonade or other acidulous liquids.

WE have just received a receipt for the cure of diphtheria, from a physician who says that of one thousand cases in which it has been used not a single patient has been lost. The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus: Table-salt, two drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, one drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup half full of boiling water; stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two and four hours as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply one ounce each of spirits of turpentine, sweet oil and aqua ammonia mixed every hour to the whole of the throat, and to the breast bone every four hours, keeping flannel to the part.

—*New York Tribune.*

MILLIONS of intelligent women say that Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia), is in every respect, the best soap ever made, and will do three times the work of any other. Try it.

POSTSCRIPTS.

— In Paris the doctors who are willing "to be called up at night" are registered at the police stations.

— The failures throughout the country for the year 1875 number 7,740, a proportion of one in every eighty-two.

— When a Canada girl loves she loves like a hand engine going to a fire. In a breach of promise suit it was shown that a young lady had written to her lover eight times in one day.

— "Parlor Chimes" is the latest novelty. It is a very clever arrangement of silver bells of various tones which chime a number of tunes very prettily. The bells are mounted in pyramid form very handsomely, and the whole affair is ornamental and interesting.

— New York jewelers are said to be busy preparing elegant new pins to be worn by gentlemen this season, upon which is engraved "Engaged," "Married," "Don't want to," "No, ma'am," or something like, to be used as a protection during leap year.

— A new club is about to be established in New York. It is to be solely for ladies. No gentlemen are to be admitted. It is chiefly intended to be used by those who come to the city to shop, or to go to places of amusement. They can have refreshments, dine, and dress there, but they must not talk.

— A Louisville merchant bet a champagne supper for twelve that no one could eat thirty broiled quails in as many days, but he has lost his wager to a French restaurateur. The latter thus describes his experience: "Ven I sits down ze bird he looks good, mais by gar I feel so sick in ze stomach I think I can't eat him no more, but by gar I go mad, I chew him up bones and all."

— When the telegraph was invented admirers of Shakspeare saw prophecy in the words he put in the mouth of the sprite, Puck, "I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." If Monsignor Dupanloup succeeds in having Joan of Arc canonized the great poet will again be made a prophet, for he makes the Dauphin say, "Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint."

— The first postal system of the colonies was organized by four printers, Franklin, Holt, Goddard and Hazzard. July, 1776, Congress appointed Franklin the first Postmaster-General, with a salary of one thousand dollars, residence in Philadelphia, and instructions to establish posts from Falmouth, New England, to Savannah, Georgia, with cross-posts, and rates twenty per cent. below the old Parliamentary charges. The Secretary and Comptroller got $840 each.

— The following table of contents of "the market basket" of the Zoological Garden, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, during the past year is interesting, as it shows how the animals live. The *menu* meets all tastes: Fresh meat, 45,740 pounds; oats, 870 bushels; whole corn, 90 bushels; cracked corn, 9,500 pounds; hay, 205,860 pounds; straw, 26,050 pounds; bread, 35,040 loaves; bran, 10,000 pounds; sweet potatoes, 156 bushels; white potatoes, 168 bushels; carrots, 78 bushels; ship biscuit, 27 barrels; milk, 1,856 quarts; condensed milk, 343 cans; barley, 25 bushels; apples, 150 bushels; cabbage, 61 barrels; fish, 21,000 pounds; salt (rock), 200 pounds; canary seed, 25 bushels; hemp seed, 6 bushels; millet, 5 bushels; buckwheat, 5 bushels; wheat, 3 bushels; shellbarks, 2½ bushels; black walnuts, 3½ bushels; brown sugar, 200 pounds; onions, 2 bushels; peaches, 7½ crates; green corn, 10 barrels; meal worms, 10,000; rabbits, Guinea pigs, rats, mice and frogs *ad libitum*.

To Owners of Horses.—No one who has ever used DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT will ever be without it; it is a certain cure for Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Bruises, Old Sores. Warranted superior to any other; in pint bottles, at One Dollar. Sold by the Druggists. Depot, 10 Park place, New York.

Perpetual Beauty.

Every lady has been wanting for years a toilet preparation in which she could place confidence, and use without fear of injuring health. The recent analysis made by the Metropolitan Board of Health has proven that Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is entirely free from anything detrimental to health or injurious to the skin. It can be used without showing the slightest trace of its use. Will leave the skin soft, smooth, and delicately beautiful. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

Saturday Evening, Feb. 19, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

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THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

By CHARLES MORRIS.

In the present number we give the opening chapters of a new story by Mr. Morris, one of the old contributors of the Post, so well known to all our readers by his last thrilling Indian Romance entitled "Plighted in Peril."

This is in an entirely different vein, but equally as absorbing and full of incident. The plot is skilfully laid, the tone refined and pure, and the characters well sustained. The test of a good story is, that when you take it up you do not feel disposed to put it down till it is finished, and in reading "The Cypher Telegram" we passed through precisely this experience.

OUR PREJUDICES.

What is a prejudice? It is simply a prejudgment; and it is astonishing how very often these prejudgments are bigoted blunders. Prejudice prevents that fair estimate of men and things which is essential to the possession of honorable character. It is often only the result of indolence and ignorance.

How many old prejudices we have all had to swallow, some time or another, in our lives! The fact is, people nurse their pet prejudices. They hate to give them up. They have aired them so often, and dosed their friends with so much of the essence of their dislikes, that it is rather an uncomfortable experience to relinquish them. Having been accustomed to curse, it is hard to be obliged to bless.

Prejudices are often associated with envy and dislike of others who happen to be more fortunate than ourselves. That must be a brave nature which can honor the work of one who is not liked.

Leyden, who had a quarrel with the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," once said to Sir Walter Scott:

"You may tell Campbell that I hate him, but that he has written the best poetry that has been written for fifty years."

Scott faithfully conveyed the message, and Campbell replied:

"Tell Leyden that I detest him, but know the value of his critical approbation."

How differently some of us might have been tempted to speak! for prejudice blinds our minds very often to the real merits of those whom we have a dislike to.

Of course it is correct enough to say that we may have a prejudice in favor of anything, as well as one against it; and in this sense many of our prejudices are very disappointing. Imagination has often painted a better picture than the realistic one that we have gone to see. Photography is a clever art, but somehow or other even that makes beauty often exceedingly plain, and downright ugliness pretty. We have been prejudiced in favor of some one by a photograph, but when we have seen the living reality, we have been somewhat taken aback. Take care, therefore, ye bachelors, inclined to make advances and to get introductions, after gazing on some entrancing photograph, "things are not always what they seem."

HOME POWER.

It is a common saying that "manners make the man;" and there is a second, that "mind makes the man;" but truer than either is a third, that "home makes the man"—for the home-training includes not only manners and mind, but character. It is mainly in the home that the heart is opened, the habits are formed, the intellect is awakened, and character moulded for good or for evil.

From that source, be it pure or impure, issue the principles and maxims that govern society. Law itself is but the reflex of homes. The tiniest bits of opinion sown in the mind of children in private life afterwards issue forth to the world and become its public opinion, for nations are gathered out of nurseries, and they who hold the leading-strings of children may even exercise a greater power than those who wield the reins of government.

Weakness of whatever nature has over a hankering after power; and there is no weakness which results in greater mortifications than that which is bred of egotism.

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. B. CARLISLE.

Sweet Susie Chrysalis! This letter will lie on your table when you come in from your visit to the theatre; or was it to the ball? Your escort—a lover, perhaps, has said good night—humble, sweet words, always married to music the soul makes—and is putting off his lavender kids as he goes down the street towards his lodgings, saying over and over to himself your sayings to him.

You stand before your mirror and take from each temple the cluster of crimson camellias, still wet with the night dew, and unloose the long meshes of raven hair. There, now, you look charming; and sit you down before the bright coal fire, put the tiny, nicely slippered feet upon the smooth polished fender, in affectionate companionship.

And what a time to talk—almost the noon of night. The wind pipes hard and strong through the street, whistles at the keyhole, sweeps along the porch and sighs among the dead dry limbs of the maples at the door. There it comes back again, brushing the roof and down its chimneys as though it had lost something it could not find. A splendid time to chat; to wind up a spool of thought to unwind after we lie down.

How many chatterers are there in the world who let loose their opinions, but do not *express* them; opinions like caged birds flying out in a confused flock. Somehow I have always been glad that I possessed few ideas, because they never get jumbled up, or stand in each other's way; never jostle each other in the procession from the mouth.

"Now you are laughing at me."

Let us, you and I, Susie, hold a frank council of peace. What have you been saying to that escort, or that lover, to-night? You have caught stray moments between the acts, or when the music rested. Have you only let loose opinions about him, or have you expressed your real feelings? Do not answer until you have weighed the words. Has he been, as you have led him to feel, your real, accepted admirer; or, have you said all the time in your heart, under your breath, of what use is a friend except it be to serve one's purpose in getting pleasantly through the world? His ear has been on the alert for every opportunity to catch these, to him, precious things. Have you been wearing two hearts under that face of peerless loveliness to-night. If so, Susie, get rid of one of them. He has shown a preference for you, and there are evident proofs of this attachment. If you are determined to shut your heart against him, do it now. If he has proper discernment you can treat him with a species of easy familiarity, and he will soon discover that there is no hope of winning you.

Perhaps you are fond of his love, yet cannot like the lover. This is the most artful coqueting. You esteem the man, the world esteems him, and for no higher reason you engage his time and attention. There is but little dignity of soul in this. No man can endure this long, without loving, and with hope of success. Few men will give themselves the trouble to gain and retain a woman's affections unless they have well determined views about her. Few men will do this, merely from the vanity of conquest, and of triumphing over the heart of an innocent, helpless woman.

Susie, this intercourse is critical between sixteen and twenty-two. You are nineteen to-day. Are you doomed to be the friend of all the other sex and nothing to any of them? Certainly not, and yet you want to enjoy the freedom of companionship, unshackled by the cold laws of dull formality.

Have you thought what a power there is in conversation—a trick born with woman? Her person may be admired to begin with; but it is the play of the sweet sounds of the voice which attracts after all. Men like to hear you talk about yourselves—sweet subjects—but after all they like it better when the talk is about *themselves*. Not in a tone of merriment. No man ever began to love or made much progress while the girl laughed. But there is a danger to him in that confidingness of tone, that quiet, subdued way of yours, that sinks into his heart like a stone through the thin ice of a well. Have you been saying these deliciously sweet things to your escort or lover to-night? If you have, what may be the result to him? Have you thought of that? Can you refuse his declarations of love, with a clear conscience, after giving him all these advantages to love you.

You hedge behind the plea that all attractive females are flirts; that you cannot help men falling in love with you. Yes, but your natural intuition will tell you, when he is playing at being in love, or really in downright earnest. There is a delight in having a beau, but this will not justify you in leading that beau to feel that he is the choice of your heart, by the practice of all these overcomingnesses when you know that he is not, when he is only a good friend. You need not lose him as a friend, because you cannot have him as a lover, if he possesses any strength of character. If he gets angry, and swears that you are the most consummate flirt alive, why you have made an escape of which you may well be thankful.

Do your proper share towards undeceiving this escort, or lover, if you have no love for him. Do not send him home, with his head full of delicious dreams, to picture cloud cities, of which you are the central figure.

Slovenly Women.—The editor of *Appleton's Journal* has no patience with women who are slovenly at home:—"Many women have little idea of how greatly they shock the tastes and really endanger the affections of their husbands by their unseemly domestic apparel. There is not a man of sense and refined feeling anywhere, who would not prefer some simple and chaste adornment for his wife in the morning, to any extreme of splendor at the evening ball. Let a woman, by all means, dress brilliantly on those occasions that render it proper; we have no desire to abridge her privileges or baffle her instincts in this particular, but we claim that it is important for her, if she values her household serenity, that she should give equal heed to her customary domestic attire. The female who goes about the house untidily dressed, has no right to the title of woman. She is without those marks and indications by which she can be classified."

A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO THE BIG TREES.

BY JAMES VICK.

After making arrangements for horses and wagon to be in waiting at Milton, the terminus of the railroad, perhaps about thirty miles north-east of Stockton, we bade our good friends in San Francisco farewell for a season, and taking an early start, reached Milton about noon, where we were packed into stages, or rather three-seated wagons, and about dark arrived at a somewhat deserted mining town called Murphy's Camp, having made twenty-nine miles over a strange, dusty, but to us a pleasant road.

Here we remained for the night, and

MAMMOTH TREES IN CALIFORNIA.

the next morning continued our journey to the big trees, yet fifteen miles east, and nearly 3,500 feet upwards. The route was exceedingly pleasant, and our anticipations were at fever heat. The grand Sugar Pines, in the distance, we felt quite sure were the big trees, and the biggest trees in the world. Before noon we reached the pleasant hotel of Mr. Perry, at the edge of the *Calavaras Grove*, and after removing the accumulation of dust from clothes and person, determined to have a look at once, although dinner

LEAF AND CONE OF MAMMOTH TREE.

was announced—a matter of no small importance to the hungry mountain traveler. Until we traveled in California we did not know that eating was of so much consequence.

We had just a look, and we thought the trees were not as large as we expected—that these Californians delighted in big stories as well as big trees—then we thought they were pretty large, very large, but not big enough to make so much fuss about—then we looked again, and didn't have a very decided opinion; in fact, had become somewhat mixed, and thought we had better go to dinner.

When we came out again the trees were a good deal larger, and they got larger every moment we looked at them. So we walked through this grove of fifty acres, containing about one hundred big trees, and they were certainly large—they must be large—figures tell the truth, and we passed a string around some of them that measured between sixty and seventy feet, and others, by pacing, twenty feet and over in diameter; and no doubt over a hundred feet to the lowest branch, while the tops soared three hundred feet above us. Of course, such trees were entitled to the name "Big," but their trunks are as smooth and straight as arrows, and everything around is large, and it is difficult at first to realize their immensity. These big trees possess no beauty, save in their trunks, the foliage being thin and scattered and almost out of sight, while the trunk presents the most graceful shaft mortal eye ever beheld.

We give an engraving of both foliage and cone, of about natural size. The Sugar Pine, a most beautiful and majestic tree, abounds in the mountains, and if not overshadowed by its mammoth neighbors would be thought of immense proportions. We measured some that were more than ten feet in diameter, unless we have forgotten the correct figures. They bear elegant cones, sometimes eighteen inches in length, and as they grow among the big trees, and the cones drop to the ground, they are often collected by tourists and carried away as fruit of the Mammoth Tree, which bears but a small cone as seen by our engraving. The Sugar Pine exudes a sugary gum, hence the name.

After a short stay among the Mammoth Trees, and we have ever since regretted its brevity, we commenced our return to Murphy's Camp, and having no occasion to watch for the wonderful trees, were at leisure to enjoy the delightful scenery; and we do not think there are fifteen miles of travel in the world that will afford such wondrous delight. Here we first saw the Sugar Pines, and the strange Snow Plant, the poisonous *Tarantula*, that makes its beautiful little cave in the earth, with its curiously hinged door. Here, too, we first saw water carried in canals for almost a score of miles, on mountain sides, and over ravines, for irrigation or mining purposes.

TARANTULA.

The Tarantula makes a home in the earth, composed of small sticks and clay four or five inches in depth, and three inches in diameter. It is hollow the whole length, and the opening about an inch in diameter, has a soft, velvety lining, and is covered with an ingeniously contrived trap-door, hung by an easily working substantial hinge that may be opened hundreds of times without injury. Here the Tarantula abides hidden from his prey, and also from his enemies. The bite of this ugly spider is exceedingly poisonous, and is said sometimes to occasion death. We have endeavored in the engravings to show the appearance of the spider and his home. The latter was drawn from a specimen we brought home, but we didn't bring one of the "animals," and so have had to make its portrait up from memory and the books.

TARANTULA CAVE.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART VII.

SOME SOUTHERN COLONIES.

In treating our colonial history thus chronologically, sudden changes of climate are necessitated. We need, however, apprehend no danger, even to the most delicate constitution, in quitting the bleak shores of New England, with their thriving colonies, for the more genial temperature of Maryland, which may be considered as a sort of note of introduction to the still more balmy climate of the "sunny South."

This State was settled, in 1634, by a party of English Roman Catholic Cavaliers under Lord Baltimore, who obtained a grant of land from Charles I, and whose object was to found an asylum for those of his own religion.

The new colony, named *Terra Maria*, in honor of the French princess, Henrietta Maria, whom Charles had married, framed a code of laws which, for liberality and moderation, was a pattern to all colonies, only exceeded in charity by brave little Rhode Island.

Representatives of all religious denominations were welcomed within Lord Baltimore's settlement, where they were permitted to dwell under its kind and protecting wings as long as they behaved themselves. Clayborne's rebellion, against the established constitution, and at different times the influence of the civil wars then raging in England marred, for a season, the peace of this "Land of the Sanctuary," as it was afterwards called. These troubles, however, were only temporary, ceasing with the restoration of Charles II.

The Maryland colony grew and flourished, suffering little molestation from the Indians.

Like the Virginians, the Marylanders were early interested in the cultivation of tobacco, and Baltimore became an important commercial city.

Later there was considerable trouble between Maryland and Pennsylvania with regard to their boundary line. Indeed, little Maryland, lying in snugly between Virginia and Pennsylvania, was long considered a sort of *debatable land*. Each State feeling that she had the best right to claim her as a neighbor and sister, each fanning her with refreshing breezes, looked affectionately and patronizingly toward her.

It was not until 1750, when Mason and Dixon drew their celebrated line, dividing the free from the slave-holding States of the Union, that the question was definitely settled, and Maryland fell into the open arms of her more southern sister.

The tract of land now known as North and South Carolina was granted in 1663 by Charles II, of England, to Lord Clarendon and several other gentlemen, most of them nobles of the court, whose idea was to found there an American aristocracy. Charles should have known better than to countenance such a scheme, for in striving to hedge himself about with the fast vanishing idea of the "divine rights of kings," and by suppressing freedom of expression in his domain, his royal father had lost his head.

Here, in the free atmosphere of America, with all her unclaimed acres behind the limited coast settlements, these English gentlemen proposed to establish a contracted little aristocracy—here where the red men of the forest who had lived long on the soil were the true aristocrats, although their court dress would not have been *en regle* at the palace of St. James or the Tuileries!

Their idea was to found a regular order of nobility, the common people were to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for these mighty "lords of Creation," and were, of course, to have little or no voice in the government. What do the common people know about government? they asked each other scornfully, forgetting that these people, having felt oppression and tyranny, longed all the more earnestly for liberty, and set about arranging things to suit themselves.

When John Locke, by order of the king, drew up this code of laws—"The Grand Model" it was called, and looked very well on paper—he presented to the eyes of the world the laughable picture of a wise man doing a most absurd thing. If Nast and some of our famous caricaturists had been around then, what sketches they would have made of the old philosopher "on the rampage!"

However, these fine English gentlemen heard so much of the bracing air of our Continent, which caused a man to lift up his head and wish to be his own master as soon as his foot touches her shores, that the plan of forming a little monarchy in America was relinquished, and "The Grand Model" probably served to light an English fire, or was used to

"Stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Afterwards, instead of nobles and princes, there came to Carolina settlers from all countries — English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch and French. These last were Huguenots, like those who had given Carolina its name and fared so sadly a hundred years earlier.

In 1670 three shiploads of people, under command of William Sayle, formed a settlement at Port Royal, which was afterwards removed to the peninsula at the mouth of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, and to which the name of Charleston was then given.

A colony had already been formed near Albemarle Sound, composed of emigrants from Virginia. This being so remote from Charleston, separate governments were obtained, and the province, as a matter of expediency, divided into North and South Carolina.

Slaves were introduced into the colony from the Barbadoes, and rice, which is said to have been obtained from a Madagascar vessel, was cultivated extensively. The early history of Carolina is darkened by many tales of Indian cruelty, for in this portion of the United States the natives had, from their first landing among them, learned to distrust and hate the white man. The Tuscaroras were particularly aggressive; but were finally conquered and forced to emigrate to New York, where they joined the Five Nations.

Formed of elements from so many nations, the Carolinians were not an easy people to govern, and they, becoming weary of the rule of the English proprietors of the soil, petitioned the king to buy out those who held grants of lands, and make two royal provinces of the colony.

The royal governors, in turn, became as unpopular as the original proprietors, and as the years rolled on the colonists grew more and more intolerant of foreign rule, so that when the sound of the far-off fray reached their ears, the settlers of Locke's utopian aristocracy were nothing loth to join the ranks of those who fought for freedom, equality, and the right to choose their own rulers.

Although the colony of Georgia was the last settled before the Revolutionary War, she is so near a neighbor of the Carolinas, and her early history is so interwoven with theirs, particularly during periods of danger, that it seems in order here to treat, briefly, of her colonization.

In 1732, General Oglethorpe, a philanthropist, having obtained from the king of England a grant of land on the right bank of the Savannah River, formed there a colony of poor debtors, impecunious persons, and those who had been persecuted for conscience sake, from all lands. He pitched his tent on the present site of the city of Savannah, and named the colony Georgia, after George II. Although Oglethorpe had a royal title to the land, he took care to indemnify the Indians for it, and they ever regarded him with feelings of friendship. He never permitted slavery within the confines of Georgia.

This colony, however, founded on principles of equity and toleration, bearing on its official seal the kindly inscription, "*Non sibi sed alias*," (not for themselves but for others) was not destined to prosper at first, probably in consequence of many of its inmates being improvident persons, and from their manners of living in cities of the old world, not fitted for toil, or inured to the hardships of a settler's life.

Laborers were needed, above all, farmers.

Later, they were joined by a company of Lutherans and one of Scotch Highlanders. These, with some laborers from Austria, infused a spirit of industry and endurance into the colony, which contributed not a little to its success. With some of these settlers came John and Charles Wesley and Whitefield, all afterwards so famous, so that in addition to the influence of Godly men from all countries, Georgia, under their ministration, enjoyed means of grace superior to those of most of the other colonies.

During a war between Spain and England, Georgia and the Carolinas were drawn into the conflict, and sent an armed force against the Spanish fort St. Augustine, under General Oglethorpe. This company was defeated, and in return the Spaniards incited the Indians against the colonists, who suffered much from their enmity. Afterwards, in 1742, the Georgians gained a complete victory over the Spanish, three thousand strong, on St. Simon's Island.

Great encouragement was given to the culture of the silk worm, in Georgia, and the manufacture of silk, which continued up to the period of the Revolutionary war. General Oglethorpe took with him, when he returned to England, the first silk produced in the colony, and the Queen showed her gracious favor toward New World silk by having a dress made of it, a silent reproof to those ladies who will wear none but French silk.

General Oglethorpe was one of the best men actively engaged in the colonization of America. Those who succeeded him in the government of the colony becoming unpopular, they gave up their charter, and like North and South Carolina, Georgia became a royal province, in 1752.

Reed, Wickersham & Co., who are so vigorously pushing the Saturday Evening Post, have just published a brilliant chromo, "De Soto Discovering the Mississippi," from the striking picture so well known to connoisseurs. The new chromo will take high rank among pictures of its class, and aid materially in presenting the Saturday Evening Post pleasantly to its subscribers.—*The* Phila. *Press*, Dec. 21, 1875.

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest literary paper in America. Under the management of Reed, Wickersham & Co., it is meeting with marked success. A large chromo of "De Soto Discovering the Mississippi" is a recent publication in connection with the Post, intended for presentation. It is handsomely gotten up, and is exceedingly attractive.—Phila. *Inquirer*, Dec. 21, '75.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

Ten of New York's best regiments will camp in the Park during the Centennial.

Australia and neighboring colonies have already shipped over three hundred tons of exhibits.

Egypt's exhibits have all been received, and are now stored in the Main Exhibition Building.

The London *Graphic* will send a corps of ten artists to take illustrations for that paper during the summer.

The international pigeon-shooting tournament comes off in July. Bogardus will lead Uncle Sam's nevvys.

The State pavilions of Ohio, New Jersey, Kansas and Indiana, now in course of erection on the Centennial grounds, are all well under way.

The foundations have been laid for a separate building for Spain on the avenue of the Republic, between Machinery Hall and the Catholic T. A. B. Fountain.

The people of the seaport towns of Nova Scotia are already planning to visit the Centennial Exhibition. In one place they propose to charter a steamer and pass a week in Philadelphia.

An international cricket match between a club to be called "The Eleven Gentlemen from Ireland" and a picked nine from America, will it is said be held during the Centennial.

The United States Government will erect on Belmont avenue, near State avenue, a signal and weather station, and near the end of Machinery Hall a fortified block house similar to those located in the Indian Territory.

A reunion of Knights Templar, under the auspices of the R. E. Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania, will be held at the Masonic Temple, Broad and Filbert streets, Philadelphia, on the 1st of June next, to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of American Independence.

On Fountain avenue, near Horticultural Hall, Colonel Lienard will exhibit three large models—one of Paris, another of Switzerland, and the third of Jerusalem—constructed in the same manner as the model of Fairmount Park, exhibited in Philadelphia several months ago.

It has been suggested to have the old Liberty Bell rung again next Fourth of July. Some wish the President to perform the duty, and others think that the honor should be bestowed upon the oldest living veteran of the war of 1812, or of 1776, for that matter, if such a prodigy of longevity can be found.

Lauber's restaurant, located near the Horticultural Hall and Lansdowne bridge, is nearly finished. The building is highly ornamental in design, and will present a splendid appearance. Being near the children's playground, it is proposed that the structure shall remain after the close of the Exhibition as an ice-cream saloon.

In the Mineralogical Department of the Exhibition the most striking object, should it happen to fall down, will be a column of coal 100 feet in height. It is to be brought from Tennessee in as few sections as possible, and General Wilder, president of a large coal and iron interest in that State, has set men to work at cutting the shaft.

The British Government is erecting a locomotive crane in Machinery Hall for the purpose of installing its goods there. The interior of the building has been divided into six sections, sub-divided into ten parts each, all numbered. The floor is being laid off into rectangular spaces of various sizes, each of which is chalked with the name of an exhibitor.

One of the most unique exhibits will be an American lake, manufactured to order by the minions of Brother Jonathan. The basin covers several acres of ground west of Machinery Hall, and the excavation is lined with clay and pebbles. The pipes were ready to fill the artificial sea with water several months ago, and recently the water was turned in.

The total number of entries from New York for the Exhibition is 1,500, of which two hundred are for the Art Department. The display of heavy machinery, printing presses, steam rollers and stationary engines will be particularly large and attractive. One hundred and sixty-six mowing machines will be sent for competition. Many hundreds of industries will be fully represented, and each is intended to constitute a special display and a special duty of itself.

The railroads have agreed to carry passengers to and from the Centennial Exhibition at a reduction of twenty-five per cent. This was expected, and it will add to the receipts far more than an adherence to the old prices would have done. But it will do more than this—it will increase the popularity and custom of all the roads, will add to the way business in every locality, and will largely add to the prosperity of the good, old, sturdy, honest, reliable city of Philadelphia.

The building for the State of Pennsylvania will be in the Gothic style, and will be located at Belmont and State avenues. It will have a front of 105 feet, and a depth of 69 feet. There will also be committee-rooms, waiting-rooms, etc. The main entrance will be in the centre of the front, and this part of the building will be surmounted by a large tower. There will also be towers at each end, and the structure will present a very attractive appearance.

The residents of Kerbonkson, Ulster Co., N. Y., are making arrangements to visit the Centennial Exhibition in a canal boat, which is to be fitted up in fine style. An awning will be stretched over the upper deck, and part of the deck will be arranged for dancing. State-rooms will be provided at the sides, and the space between them will be furnished as a grand saloon. The boat will be taken by mule power to Eddyville, thence by the Delaware and Raritan canal to Bordentown, and thence down the Delaware river to Philadelphia.

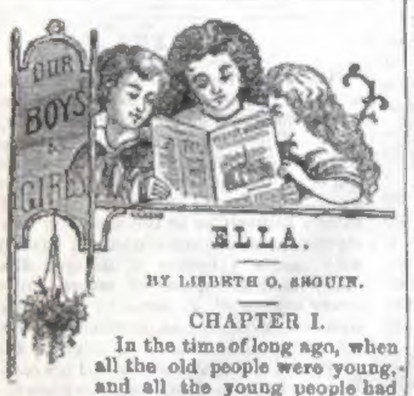
Ishii Yoshitaka, Srkiziwa Akekio and Fukui Makoto are the names of the three Japanese Commissioners. The second named is said to be a very high official at home, but in this country he doesn't measure more than four feet six. Japan has appropriated $300,000 for her exhibits, and it is thought that this will be doubled. The government is to be represented by thirty prominent men. Two Japanese houses, "yashikis," have arrived, and Japanese workmen are putting them together. One of them is to be a store and the other a dwelling house, to accommodate sixty persons.

Colonel A. J. Sweeney, United States Centennial Commissioner for West Virginia and president of the State Centennial Board, and Captain M. F. Maury, director in charge of the State collection, are here to stake off the ground upon which the West Virginia building will be erected. It is located very near the British buildings, and will be constructed entirely of West Virginia timber. The exhibition of that State promises to be very complete, and will embrace sections of coal seams 8 to 9 feet thick, and of timber from 8 to 10 feet in diameter. The State appropriation for Centennial purposes is $20,000.

The Southern restaurant, erected by a Georgia caterer, is now almost done, and is very ornamental in architectural design, though low roofs and verandas, of course, predominate. It is 138 feet in length by 93 feet in width. In the centre is a banqueting hall 30 feet wide and 60 feet long, and on either side are numerous private dining-rooms. Running through the building is a large hall leading to a parlor for gentlemen, and on the left is a large waiting-room for ladies. The capacity of this restaurant is estimated at a figure which will make it possible for twenty-five hundred persons to be served at one time.

The Queen of England has selected the following pictures as her own contribution to the Art Gallery of the Centennial: From Buckingham Palace, "The Marriage of the Young Princess," by Northcote, and "The Marriage of the Prince of Wales," by Frith, who painted the celebrated "Derby Day," in South Kensington Museum, and the lifelike picture of an English railway station. From Windsor Castle her Majesty sends "The Meeting of Members of the Royal Academy," by Zoffany, and her own portrait in coronation robes, by Hayton. From Hampton Court Palace, "The Death of General Wolfe," by our own painter, West.

The addition to Memorial Hall will be situated about 100 feet in the rear of that building, and its appearance will, in its general features, be the same as that of Memorial Hall. It will be of brick, overcast with cement, painted to represent granite, and with front and side elevations of a highly ornamented style of architecture. The exterior walls will be broken by a series of arches and pilasters. The total length of the building will be 350 feet, and its width 186 feet. It will cover about an acre of ground. The walls will be lined with asbestos to render the structure fire-proof, and the building will be amply lighted by sky-lights, the interior walls being 18 feet high, and thus affording excellent facilities for obtaining a good light on all the pictures. The ground plan will be divided into two large galleries, each 101 feet 6 inches long, and 40 feet wide, and twenty-four smaller galleries, each 40 by 40 feet. There will be a passageway 20 feet wide, extending the entire length of the building, which, together with a shorter passageway, will be utilized for the exhibition of water-color paintings.



ELLA.

BY LISBETH O. SHOUIN.

CHAPTER I.

In the time of long ago, when all the old people were young, and all the young people had never even been thought of, there was a certain baron who had one only daughter, named Ella.

These two lived all by themselves, in an old, red-bricked, many-gabled house, which stood on the borders of a thick wood. The Baron's wife had died when Ella was quite a little girl, and the father and daughter were left alone.

Ella was a good and simple-minded little maiden, and very fond of her father, but it must be confessed that she sometimes found her life rather lonely. As a child, she had no playmates or young companions, and as she grew older she had few amusements. Of course she could read, but she had not many books. She could also work with her needle, knit stockings, and make pastry and all sorts of nice cakes, which old Nancy, the cook, had taught her to do; and she could garden, and knew the names of all the flowers, and all the trees, and all the birds which lived in the woods near her home.

But she was sadly ignorant of many things which young ladies ought to know. She had never learned dancing, except from the leaves which the autumn winds swept from the trees. She had never learned singing, except from the birds who piped and chaunted their songs to her as they peeped at her from the green boughs. She did not know what a pianoforte was like, and if you had talked French to her, she would have taken it for gibberish. She was occasionally rather at a loss for some one to chatter nonsense to. Of course her papa was out of the question. He was a great deal too grave and steady. Nancy was so deaf, poor soul, that she couldn't hear a word that was said to her; and Franz, the gardener, was a cross old man, and not at all the sort of person for a young lady to make an associate of. These were the only human beings about the place. Neither were there any dumb animals for her to pet, for old Nancy had the greatest objection both to dogs and cats, and never allowed one to enter the house.

Fortunately for Ella, there were the birds. Without these dear friends and gossips, the girl's life would have been lonely indeed. But from a child, she had loved them, and they had loved her. In the pleasant summer time, she would spend long hours in the woods, talking to them and learning their sweet notes, and in the winter she would stand by the open window and feed them with her own hand. They knew her perfectly well. She had but to open the casement and call to them, when they would all come flocking in, and some were so tame that they would perch on her shoulder and eat out of her mouth. When she talked to them, she felt sure that they understood every word she said, and they certainly did their best to answer her. Still she could not help wishing sometimes that they could speak her language, or that she had some friends and playmates who could do so.

"How I wish that I had a brother; or, still better, a sister!" she would say sometimes. "How nice it would be."

She had just been thinking this, one wet autumn evening, when she had been sitting for a long time in the twilight, beside her father, waiting until he had finished his pipe, and hoping, for the sake of having something to do, that supper would soon be ready.

Suddenly the Baron broke silence.

"Ella, my child, would you like to have some nice young companions—some sisters?" he asked.

"Oh, papa," quivered the girl, quite startled, "how could you guess, that is just what I was wishing for?"

"Then, my child," the Baron went on, in his slow way, "you ought to be very happy, for there is every reason to believe your wish will be gratified."

"How, papa? What do you mean?" cried Ella, eagerly.

The Baron took one or two long pulls at his pipe, before replying.

"To-morrow, my dear," he said at last, "I am going to give you not only a new mamma, but two handsome and clever sisters, and I feel no doubt you will find their society a great advantage and comfort to you. In short, my beloved daughter," added the Baron, affectionately, "in making this arrangement, I have been actuated more by a desire for your happiness than for my own."

As he spoke, the expression of Ella's face changed a good deal. In truth, she scarcely knew whether to be pleased or grieved. She was certainly very much astonished, and though she had often and often wished for sisters, it had never occurred to her to wish for a new mamma. She still had a very fond remembrance of her own mother, and she was not quite sure that she would be glad to see her place occupied by another. Still—two sisters. Could anything be more exactly what she had always wished for? And, since her papa had been so thoughtful as to make these arrangements on her account, ought she not to be grateful?

"Well?" asked the Baron, as Ella was silently turning these matters over in her mind.

"I think I shall like them all very much," said Ella, "and be very happy."

"You're sure to be that, if you are a good girl and do as you are bid," returned her papa, as though he were reading the sentence from the top of a copy-book.

The next morning the Baron went off to fetch home his bride, and Ella put on her best Sunday frock in honor of her new mamma and sisters, and to be in readiness to receive them.

As, however, she found waiting about the house rather tiresome work, she, after awhile, wandered into the woods to pass the time, and tell her friends, the birds, of all the great events which were taking place. As soon as they saw her, they began flocking about her, after their usual fashion, and as they at once observed that she had on her Sunday frock, they all set to work to trill their very best—that is to say, their Sunday songs—fancying that they must have made a mistake in the day. For, of course, you will have observed, dear readers, that the birds have a special hymnal of choicest hymns, which they keep for Sunday singing. When, however, Ella began telling them the news of what was about to happen, they left off singing, and seemed all at once in a very great fuss.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Ella. "Don't you think that I and my sisters will be very happy together?"

"Birds in their little nests agree, but not so always sisters three," pipes a linnet, who was of rather a melancholy turn of mind.

"Oh, you cross, disagreeable thing!" said Ella. "How can you talk so? I believe you are just jealous because I'm going to have some new friends, but that's very silly of you, because however fond I may be of them, it can't make any difference in my love for you, my dear old pets and companions."

When the birds heard this they were comforted, and perching quite in a crowd on Ella's shoulders and head, sang "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" in chorus, and whispered all kinds of soft loving assurances in her ear.

It was not long before Ella—and the birds, too—heard the rumbling of wheels in the distance.

"There," cried the girl, "are my new relations, and I must run now to greet them."

So thus dismissed, the birds flew off in a crowd to their homes among the green branches, and Ella flew off as fast as her legs would carry her, in the direction of her home. She went so fast that she caught her Sunday frock in a bramble by the way, and tore a great rent in it; but she was so eager and excited that she did not stop now, or think very much about it. As she reached the house, panting and breathless, with her hair flying wild in the wind, she was delighted to find that she was just in time, for at the same moment a handsome carriage rolled up to the door, in which were seated her papa and three elegantly-dressed ladies.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WINTER AND SPRING.

An old woman, dim-eyed and bent, sat on a bench at the door of a hut in spring time. Above her head rose a tree that had just put on its first leaves. Behind her ran a river, down which a vessel was making way in the direction of the sea. On the roof of the little hut, birds were resting in the fresh, warm air. Near the old woman's feet sat a little girl who had been reading. The book lay open at her side.

The little girl looked up at the old woman with wonder and child-like pity.

"Shall I ever be like that?" thought the little child. "Can I do anything for you, granny?" said she.

And granny, dozing in the sun, thought to herself, "Ah, my voice was once like that, and my feet and hands were swift to help; but now I am old."

The wind blew softly, the birds chirped, and she dozed off into a dream of her own childhood. The fields were green around her, for it was full spring; the doves were cooing; and she was playing with a ball by the side of her mother.

River, river, where are you flowing to? The river, which came from the mountains, is going to the sea, where it will be lost in the great world of waters.

The trees and hill-sides will put on a deeper green, for the summer will follow the spring. But the summer, too, will pass; the brown autumn will come; the leaves will fall; the winds will blow; and some night, when the little girl is asleep, a frost will kill off the last straggling flower. Good-bye, flower! good-bye, leaves! But you will come again in the spring.

And what will the little maid do? She also will pass through spring to summer, from summer to autumn, and so on, through the failing years, to the wintry days. Then some one shall give her back the love and care she gave in her own early springtime to the old and feeble grandmother.

CHARACTER GROWS.

From the moment a babe begins to notice surrounding objects his character is under process of formation. Day by day, through infancy and childhood, here a little and there a little, character grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a model man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, cool and cautious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all the admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see the way in which a boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just about what kind of a man he will make. The boy who is late at the breakfast-table, late at school, who never does anything at the right time, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who half washes his face, half does his tasks, forgets half his errands, half learns his lessons, will never make a thorough man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "Oh, I forgot! I did'nt think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the pain and suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a real gentleman.

Some Indian tribes have a custom which some of the grown-up whites, as well as the little ones, could follow. Whenever a member of one of these tribes finds a soft or dangerous spot in a marsh, or discovers some precipice hid by trees or bushes, he puts up in the most conspicuous place a certain sign which is understood to mean "danger near," and so, no matter how many of his tribe may travel that way, none of them ever come to grief. What a blessed thing it would be if we would follow such a custom throughout our lives, and whenever we make a costly mistake, or fall into an error, put up a sign which would warn our friends of the danger and enable them to steer clear of a similar fate. If you think well of this, remember that it is never too early to begin doing good, and that habits for good or evil grow with us, as we wax older and stronger.

Naturalness is not a grace for which people ought to be praised to their faces. In fact, to recognize it is to disturb it, if not to change it to its opposite. Children should never be taught to be natural, or hear the word used in relation to themselves. The affectation of nature is the worst and most offensive form of the artificial.

EUCHRE—THE GAME OF LIFE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There's a game much in fashion—I think it's called Euchre,
(Though I never have played it for pleasure or lucre),
In which, when the cards are in certain conditions,
The players appear to have changed their positions,
And one of them cries, in a confident tone,
"I think I may venture to 'go it alone!'"

While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the bard's,
A moral to draw from that skirmish of cards,
And to fancy he finds in the trivial strife,
Some excellent hints for the battle of Life,
Where—whether the prize be a ribbon or throne—
The winner is he who can "go it alone!"

Alas! for the player who idly depends,
In the struggle of life, upon kindred or friends;
Whatever the value of blessings like these,
They never can atone for inglorious ease,
Nor comfort the coward, who finds with a groan,
That his crutches have left him to "go it alone!"

There's something, no doubt, in the hand you may hold;
Health, family, culture, wit, beauty, and gold,
The fortunate owner may fairly regard
As, each in its way, a most excellent card;
Yet the game may be lost, with all these for your own,
Unless you've courage to "go it alone!"

In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it is ever the same;
In the struggle for power, or the scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto, "Rely on Yourself!"
For, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can "go it alone!"

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

Author of the "Winning Hazard," "Tottie's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

NO BRANCH OF OLIVE.

Framlingham made a point of calling at Avenue Gardens on the Sunday evening after Martin's departure on his mission, to see if any news had arrived, but Martin had not then returned. Audrey pressed him to stay and spend the rest of the evening there, to talk over their affairs. Hester had gone to church; the house was tranquil; their conversation would be undisturbed. Framlingham did not conceal from his fair client that he thought the affair, as far as concerned any renunciation on Westley's part, hopeless enough, but Audrey kept her own opinion with quiet pertinacity.

"You judge people," she said, "from a professional point of view—you suppose that they will always be guided by selfish considerations. That may be true of the great mass of mankind, but there are many exceptions."

Framlingham shook his head gently.

"I believe a woman to be capable of such an act of renunciation, because she belongs to a sex that is trained to a certain extent to give way to the other, but that a man, when it's fairly put to him, will renounce a right to some five thousand a year from a chivalric feeling of fair play, that I never can believe will come to pass."

"We shall see," said Audrey, firmly and proudly.

The Sabbath evening stillness was succeeded by a general patter of feet and roll of carriages, as the churches poured out their contents into the streets. Hester came back cheerful and hungry, the effects of a long sermon and a brisk walk. She called out loudly for supper, and as Framlingham mildly supported the call, the two went down into the dining-room to partake of cold viands, whilst Audrey, who had no appetite, was left alone. Darkness came on, but she did not care to ring for lights. The fire was nearly out, but the weather was not cold enough to justify its being relighted. All of a sudden Audrey heard the door open, and saw Martin standing in the doorway.

"Well, Martin," she said, in the most indifferent tone she could assume, "have you got anything for me?"

"Only your own letter, Miss Wilford. I could find no opportunity of delivering it. Mr. Petworth took care of that, miss. He took them all away on a yacht voyage when he found that he could not get rid of me, and they will not be back till the day before the wedding, so I thought it useless waiting."

"What wedding?" asked Audrey, in a faint voice.

"Mr. Westley's, miss, and the young lady at the Abbey—Mr. Petworth's young lady."

"And when is that to be?"

"Next Saturday week, Miss Wilford."

"Very well, that will do, Martin," said Audrey, taking her own letter back. As soon as he had shut the door she tore the missive into a thousand pieces, and strewed them over the cold cinders. "I would not ask him now," she said—"I would not ask him for a crust of bread were I starving, as perhaps I may be soon. Let him take all his rights."

Presently Framlingham came up-stairs with Hester, lights were brought, and Hester began to play some sacred music. Under cover of this the two elders began to talk earnestly together *sotto voce*.

"He has brought no news, I suppose, Miss Wilford?"

Audrey shook her head.

"You see who was right. What did I say?"

"It was not his fault," replied Audrey; "Martin could not find him. But I have heard something that has convinced me that I have no right to ask him to renounce his rights. I have destroyed my letter, and now I am glad that it was never delivered. Now tell me, Mr. Framlingham, candidly, is there any other possible way of avoiding this terrible misfortune?"

"I see none," said Framlingham, gravely, "only in the improbable case of the title being defective."

"Ah," said Audrey, "explain that, please. How would that alter matters?"

"Simply thus. The sellers of the estate, to speak in untechnical language, can make us buy it if they have really got it to sell. If their title is not clear—that is, if they can't prove that the estate is theirs to sell—then the thing comes to an end."

"And we should keep our own?"

"Yes; in that case the provisions of the will would take full effect. There would be only personal estate to distribute, and you and your sister would receive the whole residue after paying legacies."

"Now what would make a title defective?" said Audrey; "tell me that?"

"My dear, it would take a big book to set forth all the various defects of title; but I'm afraid the Wilfurdhurst title is clear enough. The estate was settled by Westley's grandfather upon his eldest son and grandson, with provisions, of course, in case of failure of issue, that it should go to the younger sons and their issue, in rotation, so that if Westley had not come into the world your uncle Arthur would have inherited the estate of right, and you after him."

"Is that so?" said Audrey; "that one life makes so much difference to us all?"

"Well, my dear, if it hadn't been for that most unfortunate accident of your uncle signing the contract and dying before he could alter his will, you would have no reason to envy the heir of Wilfordhurst. Ah, dear, dear!"

"But as it is, you see no way out of it?"

"I don't. Westley is the heir-at-law, and the landed estate must go to him."

"And now, having dissipated all his property, the law gives him the opportunity of spending the fortune of his orphan cousins?"

"That is so, alas!" said Framlingham.

"And there is no help?"

"None that I can see. Would to God there was, my dear young lady!"

"We must tell Hester, then. Hester dear, close the piano, please, and come here."

Hester disposed of her concluding chords with a bang, and rose and approached the hearth.

"Hester," said Audrey, taking her by the hand and drawing her to her side, "we have some very bad news to hear, darling. All our supposed riches have taken unto themselves wings, and there is nothing left. We are the poorest of the poor. We have no right in this house, or in any house. If we are not to starve we must work, and work hard; but at what, Heaven knows!"

Hester looked at her sister and smiled incredulously.

"This is one of the trials you sometimes threaten me with, Audrey—a cross that I am to carry for my sins. But I don't believe you a bit; you are only saying this to frighten me."

"My dear, it is sad, sad truth."

Hester looked at Framlingham, as if to reassure herself by the furtive smile she might have expected to see on his face; but he too looked quite grave and pale, and shook his head solemnly. Then she burst into tears.

"Ah, that will do you good, darling," said Audrey, taking her sister on her knee. "I wish I could cry—my eyes are hot and heavy—but I can't. You won't mind leaving us now, Mr. Framlingham? We shall bear our troubles best alone."

Framlingham took his leave with an aching heart. These girls were really very dear to him, and he must do what he could for them. That was not very much. They might come and stay for a few weeks at his house in Bloomsbury, till they could hear of something in the way of governessing or other employment. It was hardly likely they would care to stay longer than they could help; for Mrs. Framlingham was very fat, and of a most uncertain temper, or rather of a temper that was certain to be bad at frequent intervals. No, they were not likely to stay long in Bedford-terrace. He could hardly wish them to, poor things.

Whatever incredulity Hester had felt when the tidings of misfortune were first announced to her, the reality of the thing was brought home to her strongly enough by the vigorous measures that were set on foot on the following day by Audrey. The servants were all dismissed and set at liberty, Martin among the rest; only one girl was retained till the end of the week, to look after the house and attend to her two young mistresses. Before the day was over bills were in the windows of the house, announcing it to be let or sold. An auctioneer came, with his assistants, to make a catalogue of all the effects.

There were some things that really belonged to the girls, either by gift or purchase. They both had handsome sets of jewels, which together would sell, it was thought, for a hundred and fifty pounds or so. Then there was the grand piano in the drawing-room, that had been a present from uncle Arthur to Audrey; it had cost a hundred and fifty guineas, and it was expected that it would, if sold under favorable auspices, realize fifty pounds. There were also a sewing-machine and various small articles of fancy, that would fetch something in the market. These things together would form the nucleus of a little purse, that might keep their heads above water in any intervals of want of employment.

They were happily spared much of the humiliation of explaining to their friends their altered circumstances and loss of position. The news flew like wildfire through the social set in which they moved; and all showed their sympathy with misfortune by religiously keeping away from the house. One or two very intimate friends indeed called once, and were shocked and desolated; and then there was an end, and the girls were left to solitude as the best solace of care. Had they been perishing with heat and thirst in the desert of Sahara they could hardly have been less troubled with impertinent on-lookers or obtrusive sympathy.

Framlingham indeed was stanch; but even he was a good deal troubled in his mind. Mrs. Framlingham had not taken kindly to the proposal her husband had made to offer the young ladies a temporary asylum at his house. There was a good deal to be said for her view of the matter. As it was, the house was in a state of equilibrium. Framlingham, his deaf wife, and purblind cook fitted into one another, and found existence possible. But with two young ladies in the house—fashionable young ladies, too, or "ex-fashionables," Mrs. Framlingham said, with a sneer—cook—she was so called by courtesy, but in reality she did all the household work—cook would go out of her mind, Mrs. Framlingham would be driven to her bed, and the whole household would collapse in hideous ruin. Framlingham himself would probably take to drinking, notwithstanding his age—his wife always considered him as on the brink of being dragged into dissolute courses; and then perhaps there would be a domestic tragedy that would make the heart of London quake. No; Mrs. Framlingham set her foot, which was strongly backed up by a calf of enormous dimensions, firmly against any such romantic folly.

Happily for Framlingham, when he mooted the question with Audrey—giving her to understand that, at all events, there was a home awaiting them for a time, if not a very pleasant one—she refused the offer, with much gratitude for its having been made. No; they would take lodgings for the short time that they were likely to require a home.

Audrey had made up her mind to try for a governesship in a good school, hoping at the same time to obtain for Hester an appointment as governess-pupil or assistant. Hester's education had not been thoroughly finished, and Audrey had always disapproved of her being taken away from school so young; but she had been the spoilt child of her uncle Arthur, and had her own way then in most things.

Martin appeared at this juncture. He called to see if he could be of any use to his late mistress; also, to inform them that he had taken a house, Bessemer Gardens, Pimlico, which he intended to let off in suites of apartments. Would Miss Wilford be kind enough to recommend his establishment if she had an opportunity?

"But Martin," suggested Audrey, "how will you manage your house unless you have a mistress for it?"

Martin said that he had already provided for that want.

"You don't mean to say you have found a wife, Martin—what, already, within a week of leaving us?"

"I have been married for some years, ma'am; but I said nothing about it, because—well, I should not have liked to put master out, for one thing——"

"But you had no business to think of your master before your wife, Martin!"

"Well, Miss Wilford, it was a complicated business, you see. Circumstances kept us apart a good many years; but we have made matters up, miss, and we are going to live together for the future; it will be more convenient, miss."

In fact, Martin had thought the matter over carefully, and, giving due weight to the household furniture and the annuity of seventy pounds a year, had come to the conclusion to let bygones be bygones, and to take back his partner for better or worse.

Mrs. Brown, on her side, felt the advantages of having a protector. Martin, in his unprofessional clothes, with his martial cloak and Spanish hat, was rather an imposing individual, after all; and then he had a thousand pounds of his own, which he had saved during his time of service, besides the expectation of another thousand under his late master's will. Martin brought capital and enterprise into the concern, and soon infused a little of his own spirit into the lackadaisical ways of his wife.

A handsome house was taken in Bessemer gardens; the old shabby-genteel place in Bodley terrace was given up, and Martin and his wife were busily attending salesrooms and foraging among brokers' shops, supplementing the somewhat old-fashioned belongings of Bodley terrace by new and handsome articles bought, for the most part, upon advantageous terms. Martin promised himself some famous bargains at the approaching sale at Avenue gardens. He was thoroughly well acquainted with all the articles to be disposed of; knew all their hidden excellencies and secret defects.

"Perhaps, Miss Wilford," suggested Martin, seeing Audrey was in something like a brown study, "perhaps you'd honor my house by being my first lodgers; we shall be all ready for occupation by Friday, although things won't be very tidy; but if it's any convenience to you, miss, you'd feel more comfortable than with quite strangers."

"Thank you, Martin," said Audrey; "but I am afraid your rooms will be beyond our means. We are very poor now, you know, Martin."

But Martin explained that, as it would be some little time before he could expect to fill his house, it would be rather a convenience to him to let off some of the rooms, even at a very low rental; and Audrey consented at last, to go and look at the house, and make the acquaintance of Mrs. Martin—no longer to be known as "Brown."

The result of Audrey's visit was satisfactory. The house was pleasant and cheerful, and Mrs. Martin was on her very best behavior. Audrey chose two rooms opening out of each other, on the second floor, and for these, the terms were moderate enough.

CHAPTER XXII.

BORNE AWAY BY THE SYLPH.

The little Sylph gaily spread her wings to the breeze, the tide was favorable, the navigation clear, and ere nightfall, she was anchored off Cowes, and her passengers were watching the sunset in the waters of the Solent.

All was movement and life, in a quiet, tranquil way. Yachts were coming up to their moorings, furling their great, white wings, and settling themselves to rest, like sea-birds on the gently-heaving waters. Boats were coming off from shore and putting back again, whilst the bells from the churches were tinkling gently, their tones mellowed by distance.

As soon as they had made Cowes, Mrs. Petworth had begged to be put on shore. She did not much like the sea, and preferred to sleep on *terra firma;* so they all went ashore, dined at a hotel at Cowes, and then Petworth and his guest, leaving the ladies behind them, came on board again to pass the night.

It was a charming, tranquil night. The evening star cast a long pencil of light on the quietly rippling waters, whilst other stars sparkled here and there in little jets or gleams of light, now seen, now hidden in the wake of some passing craft, or blotted out by the rapid beat of impatient oars. Wilford and Petworth paced the deck together, smoking a final cigar before turning in for the night. They had not much to say to each other, except a few commonplaces about the beauty of the night and the merit of respective brands of cigars, till Petworth started a subject that interested them both.

"What a curious thing it would be," he said, "if it should turn out—not that such an accident is likely, but one has heard of such things—say that your uncle's will turned out to be invalid, and that you came in for Wilfordhurst again!"

"Of course," said Westley, loftily, "I should decline to take advantage of any such legal chicanery."

"You would, eh?" said Petworth, smiling to himself bitterly; "you would not accept what the law gave you?"

"Not if it involved a cruel injustice to my cousins."

"Now I can't see that altogether," said Petworth, thoughtfully; "I don't see any inherent right to property beyond what the law gives us; and where the legal right is, there is the moral, it seems to me."

"I'm not enough of a casuist to argue the matter out," said Westley; "but I can see that it would be wrong and ungentlemanly to rob my cousins, even if the law gave me the opportunity."

"But suppose there were persons interested in you who did not see the matter from your point of view?"

"You mean Olivia's relations?"

"I mean your creditors," said Petworth, dryly.

"What would their opinion signify?"

"Why, simply that they might object strongly to your stripping yourself of any rights you had acquired till their claims were satisfied."

"But could they prevent my doing a mere act of justice?" asked Wilford.

"Most certainly. They have only to make you a bankrupt, and you are powerless. But why should we discuss hypothetical cases? Your present safety is what we have to think of. You must not think that I had no motive in bringing you away from the Abbey. Suspicious characters were about, and I had reason to fear an arrest. I think I have thrown them off the scent, and that you are tolerably safe on board here; but as the weather is fine and the wind favorable, what do you say if we run over to the coast of France?"

"With all my heart," said Wilford; "but won't the open sea be too rough for the ladies?"

"I daresay Mrs. Petworth will prefer going back to the Abbey," said Petworth; "but Olivia is fond of the sea. She shall go with us."

"And the wedding?" asked Westley. "Can that be safely performed at Abbotstoke?"

"Yes; I have taken all necessary precautions about that already," replied Petworth. "Well, good night; I shall give the master the instructions to weigh anchor with the first of the flood, and hey for Cherbourg!"

With a brisk westerly breeze, and a sea crisp and lively, but not over-rough; the Sylph had a quick and pleasant passage across channel; but as they made the French coast, the weather being so brilliant and sailing so pleasant, they determined to cruise along the coast in an easterly direction, and make the acquaintance *en passant* of the watering-places on the coast favored by nature or by fashion, now beginning to be sought by Parisian guests.

Off one of the youngest and most rapidly thriving of these infant colonies the Sylph cast anchor on a pleasant summer evening. The sands, which sloped in a broad and gracious curve around a tiny bay, were dotted with people walking, sitting on chairs, crowding round the band—which discoursed sweet music from the enclosure in front of the casino—or generally "distracting" themselves after the French manner. Bathing had not altogether ceased. Adventurous young men, in gaily-striped costumes, had even swam out nearly as far as the yacht, and reconnoitered her, raising their bearded faces, like so many sealions, from the deep. Feebly tottering, holding on to ropes, or supported by the brawny arms of professional bathing-men, were curious, dubious-looking figures—you might imagine them to be so many lost ballet-dancers suffering in purgatory, condemned for their sins in this world to be decently clothed in the next; these are the lady-bathers, assiduously taking out their prescribed quantum of salt water. In the background, upon the slopes of a pleasant wooded range of low hills, was perched a little colony of fantastic villas, whilst the town—or village proper—nestled in the narrow valley below.

The arrival of a boatload of English visitors from the yacht that had just anchored created a little interest among the visitors on the beach. Olivia felt that she was passing a fiery ordeal of criticism, deprecatory on the part of the ladies, more appreciative on the masculine side. Her plain dress, indeed, of blue serge, trimmed only with the club buttons, the black-straw hat and purple ribbon, the hair dispersed as conveniently as possible in tight braids, looked *lourdes* and dull enough amongst the fairy costumes of the fair promenaders, and all got up for the evening *reunion;* but some aquatic gentleman, who were themselves arrayed in the most approved nautical costumes, although intending nothing more adventurous than a promenade of half a mile in the steadiest of tubs—some of these gentlemen twirled their moustaches approvingly, and vowed that the English "*mees*" was full of *chic*, and a person altogether brave and charming.

Assuredly one of the chief pleasures of yachting is coming ashore. There is such a jolly Robinson Crusoe kind of feeling in jumping ashore on an unknown strand—a charming independence and airy irresponsibility. You are on *terra firma* for the moment, and she feels delightfully to the legs; but you don't belong to her; you are beings of another element, dependent on tides and winds and other mystic influences, and are altogether different, if not superior, to ordinary mortals.

There was a ball at the casino that night as it happened, and our voyagers attended it. Olivia danced to her heart's content, whilst Westley, for the most part, looked good-humoredly on, glad to see that the girl was enjoying herself, and grateful to those enthusiastic Frenchmen who were so attentive to her. Petworth found out a worthy opponent at *écarte*, and played high, as was his custom; but whether he lost or won was impossible to say; for he was, as usual, silent on the subject afterwards.

About midnight—fine and moonlight—they took to their boat again, escorted by a retinue of newly-made acquaintances, and were soon on board the yacht. Olivia said that she was too excited to sleep; she proposed they should all pace the deck in the moonlight. Petworth yawned, and said that he was not at all excited, but very sleepy, and would turn in. Westley, however, in a philosophic frame of mind, neither tired nor excited, had no objection to smoke another cigar upon deck.

"I think, considering all things," said Olivia, when they were left to themselves—except for the seaman who was keeping watch, leaning over the bows, altogether shadowy and indistinct—"I think you might have danced oftener with me to-night, Westley."

"Well, you know," said Westley, "I was always ready to fill a gap if needful; but my services were not required, and you seemed to get on so well with those French fellows."

"Doesn't that show rather a lukewarm state of affairs?" asked Olivia.

"Why? because I think more of your enjoyment than my own?" asked Wilford.

"That's a specious way of putting it,"

said Olivia, contracting her eyelids and looking at him doubtfully; "but I doubt its truth. If you had really enjoyed dancing with me, you would have contrived to gratify your taste. Now if it had been your cousin Miss Wilford in my place?"

"Well, what about her?" asked Westley, shrouding his face in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"I think you would have hardly left her side all the evening."

"I think it's hardly fair to a fellow," said Westley, "to rake up old-world stories."

"Not so very old-world, please," replied Olivia. "Let me see, how many months is it since you were her most devoted admirer? Oh, if I had known at the time that you spoke to me first."

"Well, what would you have done? Sent me about my business?"

"Perhaps not quite that—for I had a sort of sneaking kindness for you—but I would have put you on probation. I would not have been content with mere words, and—well, let us talk about this cousin of yours, Westley. She is very handsome, is she not?"

"Yes, she is handsome."

"And clever, too, and so good! Oh, I have been making all kinds of inquiries about her. Her name is—let me see, what is her name?"

"Audrey."

"Audrey! That's in Shakespeare; but she was rather a vulgar kind of creature."

"It is short for Etheldreda," said Westley, coldly; "and she was a queen and a saint, you know."

"Yes, a saint—that is just what I heard of her—and very queenlike! Oh, Westley, what a pity you did not marry her! She would have done you so much good. She would have raised you to her own level, and made a different man of you."

"I believe she would," muttered Westley sadly to himself.

"Yes, she would have done you a great deal of good; and you need it, Westley, whilst I—I shall never do you any good."

"Why not?" asked Westley. "Why should not you?"

"Why not? Oh, I don't know. For one thing, perhaps, because I am pretty well satisfied with you as you are."

"Thank you," said Westley warmly putting his arm round her waist.

"No need to thank me," said Olivia, adroitly disengaging herself, "because I'm afraid more is due to my low moral standard than to your merits; but then again we are too much alike—both too much of the happy-go-luckyites. Who is to carry the ballast for us? Now if you had married Audrey—she has plenty of ballast for both."

Westley pulled hard at his cigar in some little temper. One does not expect to be a hero to all the world; but to one's *fiancée* of eighteen one does expect to appear as something heroic. And here was this girl not only weighing him with an unprejudiced balance, but putting his early love, too, in the opposite scale. Perhaps his soreness on his own behalf increased his indignation at Olivia's harmless cast at Audrey.

"I don't know what you call ballast," he said; "but if sweetness, modesty, devotion, every womanly virtue, are ballast, those she has; and it would be well if other girls carried a little of such ballast in their baggage."

"That is precisely what I meant," said Olivia, meekly, "and what I feel I am deficient in. I like you all the better, Westley, too, for sticking up for the old love; but, thinking so, how did you ever make up your mind to be on with the new? There is one comfort, however; it is not too late to repair the mistake."

"I don't like the turn this discussion has taken," said Westley. "It amounts to nothing at all—a series of assumptions on your part that may have something in them or not, but that are, at all events, little to the purpose; and then, after all this badinage, you turn round with something that looks like a threat."

"Oh, no, it is not a threat, only an offer," said Olivia, coolly. "Your chains seem irksome to you, and I give you a chance of throwing them off."

At this moment they were startled by a loud rattling noise on the skylight of the little saloon.

It was Petworth, who had made use of the handle of a broom to signal his dissatisfaction at this lengthened vigil.

"How can I get to sleep," he cried, "when you are pacing, and pacing, and chattering over head? Come, turn in, turn in, or I'll put you under arrest."

"A seasonable interruption," said Westley, laughing. "Come, Olivia; sleep soundly, dream about me, and meet me with a smiling face in the morning."

Olivia nodded her head doubtfully, and swiftly disappeared; and Westley, after taking a few more turns on the deck; threw away the stump of his cigar and descended into the cabin. The sleeping accommodation on board the Sylph was not extensive; four berths could be rigged up in the little saloon, and the ladies' cabin, which was nearer amidships, was also capable of holding four. Petworth and Wilford occupied two opposite berths in the saloon, and Olivia had the whole of the other cabin to herself. The arrangements for the gentlemen involved early rising in the morning, in order that the cabin might be aired and put right for breakfast.

When in the yachting line, next, perhaps, to the delights of going ashore, may be ranked the pleasure of lying in harbor, or anchored in some land-locked bay or reach, where one can hear the waters rippling against the planks, and feel the gentle swaying of the tide; when a chain clanks sometimes, or a block rattles, and a ship's bell sonorously tolls out the hour in its own peculiar incomprehensible way, and you have with all a sweet sense of security, and the pleasing certainty of getting cream and hot rolls for breakfast—all this with a remembrance of perils overcome, and a knowledge that you need not face any more of the sort unless you like.

Petworth and Wilford slept the sleep of the just, and awoke to the pleasure of the crisp morning breeze, and to see the ripples all gold and pearls in the rays of the early sun. A boat was going ashore with cook, to look after the cream and rolls and other morning luxuries.

"Come along, Wilford," cried Petworth; "we'll go ashore, too, have a dip, and run on the heights to see what the place is like."

"I'm with you," cried Westley, catching the spark of enthusiasm; and having hastily donned flannel suits they scrambled into the boat, and put off for shore. On the way they took their dips from the stern of the boat, thus avoiding the irksome routine of the long-shore establishment, and they landed refreshed but hungry.

"We shall find a *café* handy somewhere here," said Petworth, "where we can get a cup of coffee to keep us going till breakfast."

"It is a very curious thing," said Westley. "You know the sensation one often has—all this has happened before. Well, this little town, the beach and the cliffs, seem as familiar to me as possible, as if I had seen them in a dream a very long while ago."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWO BY TWO.

Up and down this gladsome world we wander,
Two by two;
See its sights, and learn its truths to ponder,
Two by two;
Smiling lads and winsome lassies stand
In life's rosy portals hand in hand.
As soon as we can walk, Johe takes the road
To some Mary's ever-bright abode;
And prattling Mary molds, of plastic clay,
Rare pies for Johnny, as they steal away,
Two by two.

Noah filled the ark, unto his foresight given,
Two by two:
And since the flood, Love peoples its own heaven,
Two by two;
The Maudes and Gwendolens carved on birchen bark,
Tell us where lovers strayed within the park:
Adown the lake at Summer's eventide,
Oft-times we see two mimic shadows glide:
And telltale curtains tantalize our sight
With forms of sweethearts, courting by dim light,
Two by two.

Youth and age, all seek enchanted Aidens,
Two by two;
Marriage laws bind willing men and maidens,
Two by two;
Two eyes to failings then should e'er be blind;
Two ears should hear but gentle words and kind;
Two hands be glad to work another's will;
Two feet be patient other needs to fill;
Two people thus, earth's happiest race will run;
Two hearts, united thus, will be as one,
Not two by two.

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY

H. REBAK,

Author of "Bound by a Spell," "Humphrey Grant's Will," "Doomed," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

A NOBLE SACRIFICE.

The next morning brought Sophie and a letter from Andrew. The latter contained only three or four lines, which were no more satisfactory than the telegram of the previous day had been. Harriet, he said, had not returned home up to the time of posting, but he hoped to have news on the morrow. Sir William could now perfectly understand the reticent tone of the note, and the reason he had not been able to see his cousin.

"My dear," he said to Sophie, who looked very blank, "you can divest your mind of all apprehension. I have received private information concerning your sister, and I am now going up to town to see her. I have much to tell you when I have an opportunity."

"Let me go with you, uncle," she said, eagerly.

He reflected for a moment, and then answered:

"Very well; you shall."

Before he departed, however, it was necessary that Bertha should be introduced both to his niece and to the household as his daughter.

In as few words as possible he informed the astonished Sophie that years ago, before she was born, he had been married; that circumstances had rendered it necessary for this marriage to be concealed, but that last night his only child had come to the Hall, of which she would be henceforth the mistress. He gave no further explanations.

Most cordial was the meeting between the two young girls, neither of whom had the slightest idea that they were rivals; and Sir William took especial care not to leave them alone, lest some chance word should betray the secret before he had time to consult with Andrew upon the course of action which was to be pursued.

During the journey to London he informed her that Harriet, for reasons with which he was not yet acquainted, had found it necessary to quit her husband's roof. She wished to go with him at once to her sister, but he overruled this idea, and arranged to bring her to the hotel at which he left his niece, while he proceeded to the address which Bertha had given him.

Upon his arrival, he found his unfortunate niece most anxiously expecting him.

As briefly as possible, she related the events that had happened from the day on which she left Marney until that morning.

The horror of Sir William at the unnatural villainy of the Armstrongs, which these disclosures made known to him, may be imagined. At first he thought that he would go to them and confront them, but reflection convinced him such a course would only result in pain and annoyance to himself, and that the most judicious course he could pursue was to take his niece under his protection, state the whole affair to his solicitor, and authorize him to take immediate steps with a view of applying for a divorce.

He now sent Harriet away to join her sister, and went to seek Andrew, who had gone to his old quarters, the King's Cross Hotel. Fortunately he found him there, but in great perturbation. He told his uncle he had had an interview with the Armstrongs on the preceding night, in which they had shown themselves to him in their true colors. Harriet was gone; they had doubtless heard of Dering's arrest and of the bursting up of the whole plot, and finding it no longer necessary, or even possible, to hold up the mask, experienced a malicious pleasure in exposing their villainy in all its naked deformity. They overwhelmed Andrew with abuse, refused to give him any information respecting his cousin, and ended by ordering him to leave the house.

"I was just about to telegraph to you to come up," he said, in conclusion, "as I know not what to do, and am in a state of the utmost apprehension concerning Harriet's position."

"Set your mind at rest upon that point," answered his uncle. "I have just left her in company with her sister. There; never mind how it has come about; there is plenty of time for you to hear that. I have a subject of far greater importance to discuss with you. Sit down and compose yourself, for what I have to tell you will require your gravest attention."

This time Sir William thought it necessary to enter into a full and particular explanation of all that had occurred at the Hall since Andrew left, together with the story of his marriage, and of Mrs. Mastern's treachery.

Andrew listened with an amazement which increased with every new fact unfolded to him, and which culminated with the revelation that Bertha was Sir William's daughter, and was now safe at Marney.

"Then she is free," he burst forth, "and there is no longer any barrier to our——"

"Hold!" cried Sir William, sadly. "You forget you are pledged to another."

Andrew had indeed forgotten it. The flush of joy died out of his face, and changed to an ashen hue.

"That is indeed a bitter alloy mingled with the happiness of finding a child," he went on, dejectedly. "All last night I lay awake thinking of it. The sacrifice must be made. As a man of honor, you must redeem your pledge. Remember, this is not the cold counsel of an impartial man who has no interest in either person. My interest is as deep as yours. It is my child's happiness which will certainly be seriously affected, if not forever blighted. I shall at once, without loss of time, take her away from England. Strange lands and people and constant change of scene may effect a cure—at least, that is the only chance."

"Does Sophie know——"

"She knows nothing, nor do I intend her to know anything until after the marriage has taken place," answered his uncle, firmly. "To tell her the true state of the case would be like asking her to renounce you—would be to place her in a most painful position. This discovery of my child materially affects your prospects, but for all this, I shall take care——"

"Oh, sir, do not talk to me about such matters!" cried Andrew, despairingly. "What are all the prospects of this life to me now!"

"But I thought you were quite resigned to Bertha's loss, and had conceived a warm affection for your cousin?"

"Resigned!" he answered, bitterly. "Aye, while I thought she was unworthy—that she had placed an insuperable barrier between us; but now I know the foul villainy which separated us, I—I——"

Here all firmness gave way, and deep sobs choked his utterance.

"My poor boy," said Sir William, laying his hand upon his shoulder, while his own eyes were wet with tears; "I can deeply sympathize with you—for all you suffer now I have suffered. But honor should be dearer than life. Your character and mine are both engaged in the issue of this business, and come what may, at any sacrifice, we must keep them unsullied."

Sir William and his two nieces returned to Marney in the evening, but Andrew remained in town.

"I cannot meet her," he said. "One glance would crumble all my resolutions into dust."

Upon arriving at the Hall, one of the first persons Sir William encountered was his steward, who requested a private conversation.

"I cannot attend to any business now, Mr. Ashurst," he said, irritably.

"But, Sir William, Mrs. Mastern has delivered all her books and accounts into my hands, and I cannot undertake so grave a charge without first examining them in your presence."

"When did Mrs. Mastern leave?"

"She was at my house soon after six this morning. When I got down, she had just started for London. There is nothing wrong I hope, Sir William?"

"Well, I suppose she has taken away her things," said the baronet, sighing, and making no answer to the question.

In the meantime, Harriet, after being introduced by her sister to Bertha, had gone away to her old room. She intended to remain at Marney until the following morning, when she would return to her parents, who were as yet ignorant of the disastrous events which had happened to her. That return home was a bitter pill, but it must be swallowed—as well first as last.

Having taken off her things, Sophie, finding her sister indisposed for company, went in search of Bertha, for whom she had already conceived a great liking. She found her in the conservatory, and the two girls immediately fell into conversation. Knowing her to be acquainted with the object of their journey to London, Sophie could talk unrestrainedly upon it.

"I am so sorry," she said, presently, "that my cousin Andrew did not come down with us. I thought I should have the pleasure of introducing you to each other."

"Introducing us!" exclaimed Bertha. "What! do you not know we are old friends—that we met in Cumberland?"

"In Cumberland!" repeated Sophie, her heart beginning to palpitate a little.

"Yes; you know I was brought up in Cumberland."

Brought up in Cumberland! Could it be possible that this was——

"Are you, then, the young lady that my cousin was once engaged to marry?"

She put the question in a calm, steady voice, although her heart was sinking fast.

"Yes," answered Bertha, turning her blushing face away and plucking a rose. "A falsehood, the result of a vile plot, separated us; but that will all be explained away now."

Sophie hastily murmured something about going back to her sister, and hurried away before her companion could note the change which had come over her countenance.

Gaining her room, she locked the door and gave way to the despair that filled her heart. Why had not Sir William warned her of this? Why had not Andrew breathed a hint into her ear, and have spared her the humiliation of first hearing it from her rival's lips? Oh, it was cruel, heartless! Such were her first thoughts. She called to mind Sir William's sombre face. Here was an explanation of all. It was the pain they felt at the thought of the news they had to break to her. That pain should be spared them; that humiliation should be spared her. She would not be the rejected, but the rejector.

Drying her eyes, she sat down to her desk and prepared to write. Just at that moment there came a hurried tap at the door, followed by her uncle's voice asking to speak with her for a few minutes.

While in the midst of Mr. Ashurst's account, Sir William suddenly bethought him that, should Bertha and Sophie fall into conversation, one casual word might reveal everything. Rising from his seat, and scattering the papers that lay before him right and left, to the extreme astonishment of his steward, he went away in search of his daughter, whom he found in the conservatory, where Sophie had left her.

"Have you seen Sophie?" he asked.

"She has gone away to her sister," replied Bertha. "Why, you never told her of mine and Andrew's engagement."

"Have you?"

"Oh, yes. Have I done wrong, then?" she asked, observing the vexation impressed upon his features.

Sir William made no reply, but hastened away in pursuit of Sophie. As we have seen, he arrived just as she had sat down to write. The young girl felt not only mortified, but incensed at what she regarded as her uncle's lack of consideration for her feelings, and was determined not to see him.

"You must excuse me for a little time, uncle," she answered from within. "I am changing my dress."

"I will wait until you are ready, then, for I must speak with you," he replied, in an agitated voice.

There was a momentary pause, then the door was unlocked, opened, and Sophie stood in the entrance, looking very pale and vexed.

"You can come in, sir," she said, coldly.

"My darling child," he cried, taking both her hands in his, "I can never forgive myself for allowing you to have received such a shock. It was all the fault of that confounded Ashurst. I intended to prepare you this morning, but——"

"It could make very little difference from whose lips I heard it," answered Sophie, bitterly, and trying hard to stay the rebellious tears.

"You shall not have any further cause for complaint," replied Sir William, with some asperity; for, read by the light of the sacrifice he was about to make, her behavior seemed to him pettish and ungenerous. "In a few days, both myself and Bertha will leave England, not to return until you and Andrew have settled down in your married life."

"I and Andrew! Our married life!" she echoed, in a tone of profound astonishment.

"Of whom else should I speak?" he exclaimed. "You do not suppose either I or Andrew would be so base, so dishonorable, as to—to—do such a thing as that?"

"And you intended that I should be Andrew's wife! Oh, uncle!"

Here her pent-up feelings burst forth into a flood of tears. Sir William let them have free way, knowing they would relieve her heart.

"You must leave me now, sir," she said, presently. "I cannot talk to you to-night; I will see you early to-morrow morning. But in the meantime you must give me a promise not to mention to Bertha my engagement with Andrew until after you have seen me again."

"What purpose will that serve?"

"No matter," she answered, vehemently. "If you do not promise me this, I will not sleep to-night beneath this roof."

It was already late in the evening, and Sir William, reflecting that so short a delay could make very little matter one way or the other, acceded to her request.

Very little sleep visited poor Sophie's pillow that night. But when she rose at sunrise next morning her resolution was formed.

Sir William was a very early riser, and always took a stroll in the grounds before breakfast. It was there Sophie now went to seek him.

As he caught sight of her slight figure, he hastened forward to meet her, and was at once struck by the unusual expression upon her countenance.

Without any introduction, she at once proceeded to relieve her heart of the burden which rested upon it—to tell her uncle that she at once released Andrew from his engagement.

"But this must not, shall not be!" cried Sir William, hotly. "Do you suppose for a single moment that I would permit this sacrifice!"

"It must be, sir," answered Sophie, calmly. "Do you suppose that I would accept the sacrifice of your daughter's happiness—forever have the memory of her sad, reproachful face before my eyes? It is she whom Andrew loves; his heart is hers, not mine. Did she tell me they had been separated by falsehoods and vile plots! Do you suppose I could marry a man who would be ever pining for love of another woman?" she cried, indignantly.

"But consider, what will the world say?"

"Let it say what it pleases, sir," answered Sophie, bravely. "My poor sister would have broken off the marriage with James Armstrong, if it had not been for the fear of the world's opinion; should not that be a warning to both of us? If I were to marry Andrew Marney, that act would destroy the happiness of four people—yours, Bertha's, Andrew's, and mine; better one should be unhappy than four."

"My dear, good, generous girl, I cannot argue against you," cried Sir William, pressing her to his heart with profound emotion. "My influence has been most fatal both to yourself and your sister. It was I who arranged her marriage with that villain; it was I who brought about your engagement——"

"But you did all for the best, dear uncle," answered Sophie, kissing him; "and therefore you should not reproach yourself."

"But what will your parents say? We have forgotten them."

"Leave that to me," she replied. "Harriet returns home this morning; I shall go with her."

"How strange Sophie should go away without saying good-bye!" said Bertha, after the ladies had departed. "Do you know, father dear, I half suspect she is in love with Andrew."

"Why do you suspect that, darling?"

"Because she went away the moment I told her of our engagement, and I have never seen her since. Oh, I hope it is not so."

That same day Sir William wrote off to his nephew, to tell him of Sophie's noble conduct. It need scarcely be said how quickly Andrew followed the receipt of this letter, neither need we pause to describe the reunion of the lovers.

The next morning Sir William received a letter from Mrs Cleveland.

"My dear brother," it ran, "I am in that state of agitation I know not how to write to you. Sophie informs me she has broken her engagement with Andrew, and that you have discovered a daughter; a most extraordinary story—I cannot at all understand it! I also learn you have been married. Good gracious! I cannot believe it; it is most extraordinary. If Andrew is no longer your heir, I am sure you will behave very generously towards him, and that she has no right to break her engagement upon that account. I do not know what I am writing. I must come over to Marney at once, and try to set matters right.

"Your affectionate sister,
"ARABELLA CLEVELAND."

"Noble-hearted girl!" murmured Sir William; "I see it all. She has taken all the blame upon her own shoulders, and even stigmatized herself with a sordid motive to explain her conduct. But you do not come to Marney just at present, Mrs. Arabella Cleveland; I shall visit you instead."

And he immediately put his resolution into force by starting at once for his sister's house. He arrived just in time to stop her as she was preparing for her journey.

We need not enter into a description of the interview between them. Suffice it to say, ere he left, he calmed Mrs. Cleveland's agitation by the gift of a magnificent check, and the promise of a splendid dower whenever Sophie married. As Andrew was no longer the heir of Marney, he had lost much of his desirability as a son-in-law in that lady's eyes, which thought proved another sedative.

The story of his marriage, however, and of his new-found daughter, was a great and not agreeable surprise to the worthy lady.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

Our story is told. All that remains to do is, in the orthodox manner, to dispose of our different characters, and tell their fates as far as time enables us to do so.

While Arthur Dering lay in prison awaiting his trial, the police, now upon the right track, made a number of discoveries which tended to criminate him in yet graver charges even than those upon which he was arrested. As the reader has doubtless surmised, he married the housekeeper of Marney simply for the sake of the money she had contrived to amass during her four-and-twenty years of service. His way of life had always been upon the shady side of the law, but from genteel swindling he had gradually sunk into darker deeds.

The one soft place in Mrs. Mastern's hard heart, had been her love for this vagabond. He had treated her with contemptuous indifference; he had for years never visited her except for money, which he drew almost to the last farthing. He had cajoled her, made her his tool; but her love for him had remained unchanged, until those fatal words of Bertha's: "Your husband is in custody as a receiver of stolen goods, together with the woman whom he calls his wife, and who, I believe, considers herself to be so," fell upon her ears and broke the spell.

She soon ascertained that Bertha had spoken the truth, and that this man, whom she had so worshipped, had been for upwards of ten years married to another. She was present in the court on the day of his trial. She had neither seen him nor held any communication with him during the interval. She was closely veiled, and he had not knowledge of her presence.

She heard the sentence pronounced—penal servitude for life upon him, three years' imprisonment upon the woman. She went home to the garret near Newgate, in which she had lodged from the time she left Marney. The next morning she was found dead in her bed, with an empty bottle, labelled "Laudanum," upon the table beside her.

And to this she had been brought by the evil spirit of revenge.

Harriet obtained, in the Divorce Court, a judicial separation from her husband, but the judge did not consider the grounds strong enough to decree a divorce. She lives with her parents, upon an allowance made her by Sir William, a miserable, hopeless woman.

Mr. Armstrong is dead, and James has succeeded to the business. In a monetary point of view, everything flourishes with him; but he leads a gloomy, solitary life, and has vastly changed since Harriet left his roof.

By Sir William's advice, Sophie, accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland, made a lengthened tour in France and Italy. While staying in Rome, she met a young artist of some reputation, who soon began to show her every mark of a deep attachment. At first, she received his attentions but, as time went on, the wound inflicted by the old love began to heal. Her lover was young, handsome, ardent, devoted. Mrs. Cleveland was opposed to the match, not thinking it worthy of her daughter. Sir William, as soon as he heard of what was going on heartily approved it. The end was that Sophie married, and has never had occasion to repent her choice. She has not returned to England, and probably never will.

As soon as the twelvemonth of mourning for her mother expired, Bertha was united to Andrew. The most honored guests at the wedding were the kind Cumberland folks who had reared her, and whom she had regarded during so many years of her life as her natural parents, and to whom Sir William had long before shown most bountiful proofs of gratitude.

In regard to Sir William himself, the dream which he had long cherished is realized. He is slowly advancing towards a green old age, tended and loved by a son and daughter of whom he is the idol, and by grandchildren of whom he is at the same time the guardian and the playmate.

THE END.

A NEW STORY!

WEEK AFTER NEXT,

BY

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," Etc.,

ENTITLED

BAFFLED!

SHARKS.

Sharks, though not to be compared to a leg of four-year-old mutton, furnish by no means a bad dinner to a hungry man. The negroes in Central America consider a young shark's tail a delicacy—a compliment said not to be returned by the shark. The writer has tried to satisfy himself as to the accuracy of this legend in sharklore—namely, that it is only under pressure of hunger that a shark will banquet off negro, but has never been able to come to a conclusion from the evidence, as there are numerous instances of a dinner of nigger being preferred when the shark had his choice. Thus it happened once at Greytown, on the Mosquito Coast, in Central America. A large life-boat, crossing the bar of the San Juan river, upset, precipitating the crew, consisting of two officers (white), and ten colored men, into the water, the boat being turned upside down. "I felt," says the narrator, "that my life was not worth half an hour's purchase. The cockswain to the boat, a weakly black man, rose alongside to me after the plunge; he was in great terror; and I felt that if the sharks did not harm him, he could scarcely reach the shore without help; so I encouraged him by telling him I would swim by him, and give him a hand if he felt tired. 'No tired, massa; neber live to be tired; look at dem round us.' I felt that he was about as close to the truth as possible, for we were literally in the centre of a shoal of sharks, whose black triangular fins we could see on all sides sailing round us. As the beach was quite close, we first endeavored to make that, but soon discovered that the current was so strong that we made no headway, and we were forced to turn towards the boat, which was a hundred and fifty yards away, drifting out to sea, turned upside down, with the rest of the crew astride on her keel. There was nothing, however, for it but to swim to her, and, aided by the strong current, we soon shortened the distance. All this time the sharks were around us, making, I fancied, smaller circles, and once or twice I thought I felt something touch my feet with a rush, as these horrid brutes do before they bite; if it was my imagination, it was not a great stretch, however, for we had not got twenty yards ahead of the spot, when my companion shrieked, threw up his arms, and disappeared beneath the waves. A rush of black fins, and their sudden disappearance under the water, was the last thing I remembered, until I found myself alongside our ship in the stern-sheets of the cutter which had been sent to the rescue."

AGRICULTURAL.

GIVE salt to the stock regularly but sparingly. Half an ounce a day is a safe allowance for large animals.

QUEEN VICTORIA sold last year $15,995 worth of fat cattle, sheep and hogs from the Show Farm, formerly owned by the Prince consort.

DON'T burn kerosene in the barn and stables. A candle lantern is the safest. Provide hooks upon which to hang the lantern in safe places.

A CLACKAMAS CO. (Oregon) man is exhibiting a beet that weighs 18 pounds and measures 31 inches in circumference. He wants somebody to beat that.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY is the greatest wheat country in the world. A Walla Walla valley farmer raised 4,020 bushels from 60 acres, an average of 67 bushels to the acre.

ASPARAGUS should not be allowed to ripen its seed, but the stalks cut down as soon as seed balls begin to turn, and a heavy coat of manure, with a liberal sprinkling of salt, scattered over the bed.

TREATMENT OF GORGED HORSES.—A correspondent of the *New Era and Farmer* gives the following method of treatment for animals who may have gorged themselves with grain: Keep the animal from water. Put a quart of wood ashes into a pail of lukewarm water, stir it up, and let the horse drink one or two quarts of this alkali water at intervals of one or two hours, and in this way the horse always does well, and after a day's treatment, water and feed as usual.

SMOKING HAMS.—Where smoking is practiced on a large scale, a house adapted for the purpose should be erected. A very good substitute is obtained by means of an empty sugar hogshead. In the inside bottom fix a sufficient number of hooks to suspend the hams. Get a quantity of sawdust (oak is best), lay it on the ground in a circular form, so that it may be covered by the hogshead. Turn up the hogshead, so that the mouth is on the ground. Hang up the hams on the hooks, set fire to the sawdust, and, if a little draft of air is required, prop up the side of the hogshead about an inch with a small stone. The sawdust will smoulder, and the ham may be used as soon as smoked.

CONFINING POULTRY.—If we wish to confine our hens, so as to protect the garden and crops, we must necessarily take much more pains than when we allow them to run at large. To confine hens, and to have them do as well as when allowed to run at large, we must follow the following rules: 1. Feed regularly, at least twice a day; not too much, but just enough to satisfy their appetites. 2. Keep pure water before them all the time. 3. Keep plenty of gravel and sand before them. 4. Provide for them a good warm roosting house, and always keep it free from dirt and vermin. 5. Keep at least half of their park in grass, and plough the remainder occasionally so as to allow them plenty of wallowing places.

FATTENING POULTRY.—The London *Field* states that poultry properly fed will acquire all the fatness needed for marketing purposes in a fortnight or three weeks at most. Their diet should be Indian, oat or barley meal, scalded in milk or water—the former is the best, as it will expedite the fattening process. They should be fed early in the morning, at noon, and also in the evening just before going to roost. A plentiful supply of pure fresh water—plenty of gravel, sliced cabbage or turnip tops. If the fowls are required to be very fat, some trimmings of fresh mutton suet may be chopped up and scalded with their other feed, or they may be boiled in milk alone and poured over the meal. This renders the flesh firmer than it otherwise would be. When fit to kill, feeding should be stopped for twelve hours or more, that the intestines may become comparatively empty.

MANUFACTURE OF TEA IN THE SOUTH.—The editor of the *Soil of the South* (New Orleans) has experimented in the manufacture of tea from home grown plants, and so great has been his success that he has received the highest praise from good judges both in England and America; he has been offered one dollar and a half per pound for his tea. The following is the process: Before the leaves are fully matured, or have become tough by age, they are gathered from the plants and placed in an oven, where they remain only a few minutes, or until they are partially heated, but not dried; in this wilted state, they are taken and placed upon the table, where they are rolled and beaten with the hand until they are thoroughly bruised; this process being kept up until the leaves assume rather a dark appearance. At this stage they emit a delightful odor, and have a decidedly oily feeling; this is, no doubt, due to the *theine*, or essential oil, that gives to the tea its delightful flavor, and which is liberated or expressed by this manipulation. It is then placed in a moderately heated oven and frequently stirred, until it is thoroughly dried, care being taken so that it may not be scorched or burned. It is now placed in boxes or cans, and is ready for use. This is a genuine black tea, resembling our imported sorts, only finer and better flavored.

I HAVE FOR MANY YEARS PAST USED IN MY OWN FAMILY, and recommended to the families of my congregation, as the best remedy I know of for Coughs, Colds and Incipient Consumption, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant and also Jayne's Sanative Pills as a remedy for Costiveness, Biliousness and Impurity of the Blood. My confidence in the great value of these medicines increases the longer I use them and observe their wonderful health restoring effects. They have given universal satisfaction in all the families to whom I have recommended them.—*Rev. Dr. Dowling, late Pastor of Berean Baptist Church, New York.*

REVIEWER.

We are indebted to the courtesy of D. M. Boyd, Esq., General Ticket Agent Pennsylvania Railroad Company, Philadelphia, for a copy of a very valuable and interesting book entitled *"The Pennsylvania Railroad; Its Origin, Construction, Condition and Connections."* As its title implies, it gives a full and exhaustive description of the origin and construction of this great line of railroad, with historical and statistical notices of cities, towns, stations, industries and objects of interest on its various lines in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. It also contains a reliable history of railway development in Europe and America, and of the utilization of steam-power for the purpose of transportation; together with many important and valuable facts never before published. The book is a large octavo volume of 300 pages; gotten up in the very highest style of the typographic art, and embellished with 100 most elegant illustrations of some of the most prominent places and of scenery and railroad life on the line of the road. All these illustrations were made expressly for this work, drawn by such eminent artists as Tons. Moran, James Hamilton, F. B. Schell, F. O. C. Darley, W. H. Gibson, and others, and engraved by Jas. W. Lauderbach. There are besides, perfect portraits of J. Edgar Thomson, late President, and Thomas A. Scott, President of the Company, from fine steel plates; and a couple of maps, one a Local map of the Pennsylvania Railroad and its Connections, and the other a General map of the same. For beauty and merit these illustrations have never, we think, been surpassed, and add attraction and interest to the book, apart from the value the immense amount of condensed information it gives attaches to it. To travelers over the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and indeed to every one, more especially this year, to the hundreds of thousands of visitors to Philadelphia, not only from foreign countries but also from our own more distant States and Territories, such a work as this will be not only an entertaining but an indispensable companion.

From T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia:

George; or, The Planter of the Isle of France. By Alexander Dumas.

This is a tale of the sunny, luxurious Isle of France in the Indian Ocean, and by its historical reminiscence and dramatic fiction is well worthy a niche beside the other great works of this ever popular author.

The Twin Lieutenants; or, The Soldier's Bride. By Alexander Dumas.

This is a historical novel of the days of the First Napoleon, with a history of his life and battles over the whole of Europe, his retreat from Moscow, and his final banishment to the Isle of St. Helena.

My Husband's First Love (Gina Montani). By Mrs. Henry Wood.

This popular authoress' fascinating manner is preserved in this work, and no one will lay it aside until the last page is reached, as the dramatic incidents are full of interest.

Cousin Caroline's Wedding. By Mrs. Henry Wood.

This is a plain, straightforward story, with a plot by no means involved, and a moral throughout, in which also the interest is not allowed to flag a moment.

From J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia:

Throstlethwaite. By Susan Morley, author of "Aileen Ferrers."

This is a story of middle-class English society in the vicinity of the famous lakes on whose shores Wordsworth and Southey lived and thought and wrote so long, so much, and so well. This is a very readable book.

Wooed and Married. By Rosa Nouchette Carey, an English writer.

This is a novel of considerable merit, well constructed, with the characters well drawn, very readable, and full of interest.

From Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia:

Mrs. Limber's Raffle; or, A Church Fair and its Consequences. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is a true story of a church fair, and some of its troubles. The style is bright and attractive, and the tone fresh and healthy. The subject of raffling is fully discussed from the legal and the moral point of view, and the law stated. Many amusing incidents are introduced, with some good character sketches, and the scene in Justice Hazey's court is very entertaining. The story is as amusing as it is sound in its teachings, and we commend it to all the managers of church fairs.

The Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants. By Charles Darwin.

This essay excited much attention when it first appeared in 1865, and its production "in a corrected and clearer form, with some additional facts," will renew the interest then aroused, especially since the subject has been elevated into one of great importance by the subsequent researches and discoveries of several of the most gifted European naturalists. As was to be expected, the subject is handled in a masterly fashion, and with a thoroughness which, when the author's achievements in other and widely different fields is considered, strikes the reader with admiring wonder. The statements and theories it contains are not based upon extraneous information or hearsay evidence; Professor Darwin has carefully examined and experimented for himself, and in the present volume are embodied the results of his labors. A very excellent index is appended, and many admirable drawings of the plants discussed.

The Times Almanac, a political and general manual for 1876, has made its appearance. It has been compiled by Colonel A. K. McClure and Colonel A. Wilson Norris, and in all essentials is the best and most complete digest of political matters ever published in this country. While it goes over the whole ground, it is especially complete in matters of State interest.

E. J. Hale & Son, New York, have lately issued in a book three series of sketches, entitled *The Young Gentleman, Young Ladies, and Young Couples.* The first and the last are by Charles Dickens, and were published by him anonymously in the year 1838. They are now collected for the first time into one volume, and published with the original illustrations by "Phiz." The book is handsomely gotten up, and will no doubt have a ready sale.

The "Thistle Edition" of the *Waverly Novels*, published by E. J. Hale & Son, New York, contain most elegant engravings, is handy in size, and in typographical appearance is all that could be desired. It is one of the most beautiful editions published of these ever popular novels.

Vick's Floral and Vegetable Garden is the finest work of the kind we have ever received, is handsomely illustrated and has four beautiful colored plates, and contains a great amount of valuable information on these subjects. We have also received the January number of *Vick's Floral Guide*, a perfect gem for the ladies. Published quarterly by Jas. Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

We have received from the D. R. Barton Tool Co., Rochester, N. Y., a *Price List of Genuine "D. R. Barton" Planes, Edge Tools, etc.*, made only by the company at their works in Rochester, N. Y. The business of making Edge Tools was first established by Mr. D. R. Barton in 1832, and during the forty-three years that have elapsed since, the manufacture has improved greatly, and the company named after him now ranks among the best and most widely known manufacturers of Edge Tools in the country. The catalogue which we acknowledge is very handsomely gotten up, neatly printed, and elegantly illustrated.

NEW MUSIC.

From White, Smith & Co., Boston:

Violin and Piano Quarterly Journal, for November, 1875; No. 3.

This is an excellent publication, after the style of "Howe's Musical Monthly," and contains 20 pages of choice selections from well known authors.

Also, "Martha De Flotow;" piano duett; by Fred. Beyer; op. 112. "Gaetana;" mazurka for piano; by Eugene Ketterer. "On the Sea;" Barcarolle; W. Aube; op. 74. "The Flag without a Stain;" a Centennial hymn; quartette for male voices; by C. A. White. "In the Meadow" (Auf Der Wiese); by H. Lichner. "Let me dream again," and "Bird of Love;" two English ballads; by Arthur Sullivan. "Happy Rambie Schottische;" by W. C. Wright. "Tommy, make room for your Uncle;" an English comic song; by Lonsdale. "When the Tide begins to turn;" song for alto or bass; words by J. E. Dixon; music by J. Barnby. "Berg't Nibb's Visit to the Centennial;" music by Daffney; words by Hilltop. "Lautorbach;" fantasie; by T. B. Ryder; op. 83. "White Fawn Waltz;" by Claude S. Haven. "Meet me, Katie, with a kiss;" song and chorus; words by S. N. Mitchell; music by H. P. Danks. "Just beyond the other Shore;" words by S. N. Mitchell; music by H. P. Danks.

From S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio:

"Happy Little Maiden;" by Jules Laforte. "Kathleen Astore" and "Bessie Clare;" two pretty songs with chorus; by Frank Howard. "True Shepherd;" sacred song, for soprano. "Morning" and "Noon;" two beautiful songs from "Grandfather's Stories;" by Jules Laforte. "Understood;" a ballad; by Jules Laforte. "Speak the Truth;" a motto song; by W. Redmond. "Susan Sweet;" comic song; by T. Dodsworth.

THE ONE HUNDREDTH YEAR.

We have now entered on the year which is to signalize the completion of a century of independence of one of the grandest nations that have ever existed. With all our faults—and, like other people, we have a greater quantity than is good for us—we stand out to day, at the end of a hundred years of self-government, a more independent, noble, manly nation than anywhere else can be found—as prosperous as any, and with prospects ahead which cast into deep shade those of any other race whatever. What the genius of our people has accomplished, has taught humanity a lesson whose effects are revealing themselves everywhere in Christendom, and far outside of it.

Our success has been a powerful aid to those who have striven against despotism and class arrogance in countries whose inhabitants were wont to be used as mere political tools; has demonstrated the fallacy of "divine right" doctrines; and has led to a recognition and respect of plebeian merit in quarters where hostility to "commoners" was once rampant. We have done for ourselves what we have reason to be rejoiced at; but we have brought about that for the outside world which far transcends any home gains. The wide propagation of that grand principle, that virtue and merit alone are worthy of honor and reward, we have been greatly instrumental in carrying out, and some of the products of it are to be seen in the republic in France, in vastly increased liberty in Great Britain, and in a growth of a public opinion in Germany such as promises to some day put an end to the tyranny which there converts men to fighting machines and tolerates no protest.

As a people we have fulfilled our grander duties nobly. Washington himself could hardly have hoped for more; and Heaven grant that in the coming century our course may be onward; that patriotism may gain and selfishness diminish; that the tendency to aristocracy which displays itself and grows apace may be crushed out, and that the men most fitted to direct may be chosen to rule. Unless the people be false to themselves we cannot retrograde.—*Rowell's Reporter.*

A Suggestion to the Nervous.

Robust people who have, all their lives, eaten, digested and slept well, can scarcely be expected to appreciate the blessing of strong nerves as well as those who, having undergone all the misery entailed by weak ones, have eventually regained their nerve power. In order to experience the unspeakable relief of a change from an enfeebled and unrestful to a vigorous and tranquil condition of the nervous system, the nervous invalid should try a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Under the bracing and soothing influence of that benign tonic and nervine, appetite returns, digestion becomes complete and painless, and sleep revisits weary eyes. The causes of nervous weakness are to be found in imperfect digestion and assimilation, and the feeble performance of other vital functions resulting therefrom. The Bitters remove these causes, as well as the nervous symptoms which they produce.

THE WESTMINSTER OF NEW YORK.—Chas. Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and many other distinguished visitors to New York, have made their home at the Westminster Hotel, from which fact it may be inferred that the Westminster is one of the most select and comfortable of the New York Hotels. The rates of charges, however, are not higher than those of other first-class houses, but the unexcelled accommodations, the excellent and convenient location, and the comparative quiet of the neighborhood, give it peculiar and decided advantages. It is conducted on the European plan, and located almost in the centre of the city, on 16th Street and Irving Place, but one block from Broadway and Union Square, near the great stores and theatres. See card in advertising columns.

HAPPINESS AT HOME.—This essential requisite in the preservation of our domestic felicity can only be attained by a fortunate combination of circumstances. At times the only thing lacking to complete this charmed circle cannot be obtained, such as greater wealth, or better health. The former must be warily, and the latter eagerly, sought after. With health we can always in time secure a competency. The great health destroyer is rheumatism, and the only scientific cure is that of Dr. P. J. Griffen & Co., 114 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia. Write and send stamp for circular, explaining your symptoms, and mention this paper.

The Rule of "No Cure No Pay."—The oldest and best hernia surgeons in the world, the only lady surgeon on earth skilled in the cure of Ruptures, the only elastic truss worthy of the name, free examination and advice are some of the advantages offered by the Triumph Truss Company, No. 334 Bowery, New York. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

THE heart will commonly govern the head; and it is certain that any strong passion, set the wrong way, will always infatuate the wisest of men; therefore, the first part of wisdom is to watch the affections.

Cure for Cough or Cold.—As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness of the chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indication of cough, take during the day a few "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

Patronize the Triumph Truss AND *TRIUMPH* Rupture Cure.

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ASK NO ADVANCE PAYMENT FOR CURING RUPTURES, AND OFFERS $1,000 REWARD FOR ANY CASE THEY CANNOT CURE!

They employ a First-Class Lady Surgeon. Their Chief Surgeon has had 30 years' unfailing success!

Examinations and Advice confidential and free.

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GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, AND TAN, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable.

For Pimples on the Face, Blackheads or Flesh-worms, use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy — the Great Skin Medicine, or consult Dr. B. C. PERRY 49 Bond St., New York.

Address, Look Box 5246.

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30,000 *copies sold in 6 weeks.* Now book agents what's the use of wasting time on other books! This is the one that sells and fills pockets. This is the book people want. *Outfits free.* "Get tickets" and go to work. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Ct., and Chicago, Ill.

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Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES. SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren Street, New York.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY!

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON. For the cure of weak stomach, general debility, indigestion, disease of the nervous system, constipation, acidity of the stomach, and all cases requiring a tonic.

The wine includes the most agreeable and efficient salt of Iron we possess; Citrate of Magnesia Oxide, combined with the most energetic of vegetable tonics—Yellow Peruvian Bark.

The effect in many cases of debility, loss of appetite, and general prostration, of an efficient Salt of Iron combined with our valuable Nerve, is most happy. It augments the appetite, raises the pulse, takes off muscular flabbiness, removes the pallor of debility, and gives a florid vigor to the countenance.

Do you want something to strengthen you? Do you want a good appetite? Do you want to build up your constitution? Do you want to feel well? Do you want to get rid of nervousness? Do you want energy? Do you want to sleep well? Do you want brisk and vigorous feelings? If you do, try Kunkel's Wine of Iron.

This truly valuable tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community, that it is now deemed indispensable as a Tonic medicine. It costs but little, purifies the blood and gives tone to the stomach, renovates the system and prolongs life.

I now only ask a trial of this valuable Tonic. Price $1 per bottle. E. F. KUNKEL, Sole Proprietor, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other make. Sold only in $1 bottles. All others are counterfeit, so beware of them.

Tape Worm

Entirely removed with purely vegetable medicine, passing from the system alive. No fee until the head passes. Come and refer to patients treated. Dr. E. F. KUNKEL, No. 259 North Ninth St., Philadelphia. Advice free. Best, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. Ask your druggist for KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP. Price $1 per bottle. Send for circular.

POND'S EXTRACT

The People's Remedy.
The Universal Pain Extractor.
Note: Ask for Pond's Extract.
Take no other.

"Hear, for I will speak of excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT—The great **Vegetable Pain Destroyer.** Has been in use over **thirty years**, and for cleanliness and prompt curative virtues cannot be excelled.

CHILDREN.—**No family can afford to be without Pond's Extract. Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains,** are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves pains or **Burns, Scalds, Excoriations, Chafings, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Corns,** etc. Arrests inflamation, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, removes discolorations and heals rapidly.

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The N. Y. Weekly Sun of Jan. 12th, 1876, says: "The readers of this paper who would like to get more than the worth of their money are referred to the advertisement headed a "Novel Idea," in another column. This is certainly "a new departure," and as the parties will do all they claim, we would recommend our readers to peruse the same carefully. *It is certainly one of the best chances for agents ever offered.*" Address

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THE BOUDOIR.

The extreme mildness of the winter has rendered admissible entire suits of mixed material, without the addition of an extra wrap in the form of cloak, sacque or dolman. The number of the former which were imported by the leading houses at the commencement of the season was unusually large, as there had been prophecies of a severe winter; but as the prophets were mistaken, the sales have been comparatively small and suits still hold away.

We are constantly in receipt of new and charming designs for these latter. One that we especially recommend, both for the present and a later season, is of brown silk and gray plaided camel's hair. The underskirt was of brown silk, trimmed at the bottom with a wide, gathered flounce, headed with a medium width knife pleating, and a narrow standing ruffle. The overdress is a polonaise in the Marguerite shape, closing diagonally in front, having one side pointed and the other square. The back is square, and draped, just where the necessary fulness is set in plaits folded under, by a wide brown silk sash. The plain coat sleeves have flaring, brown silk cuffs. A deep pleated pocket of brown silk is placed on the left side, ornamented with two bows of brown ribbon, one at the top and one at the bottom of the pocket. The entire garment is bordered with a row of gray ostrich tips, or else chinchilla fur. Dark brown felt hat, with gray ostrich tips and gray scarf. Muff of brown silk, bordered with fur or ostrich tips.

We saw a charming evening dress for a girl of eleven or twelve years of age. The material was pale gray silk, trimmed with pink silk: The skirt, reaching to the ankles, had first a four inch wide knife pleating of pink silk, above which was a knife pleated flounce eight inches deep. Above this was another narrow pleating of pink silk put on in a semi-circular way in front, to simulate an over-skirt; above this was a knife pleated flounce five inches deep. The waist was a basque, made rather long, and having a surplise front, edged all around with a knife pleating of pink silk, which also extended around the bottom of the basque. The two fronts were laid in three pleats, turning towards the middle. Buttons of pink celluloid coral closed the front. Two knife pleatings of pink silk trimmed the sleeves, forming double cuffs.

A polonaise of blue camel's hair cloth was made very long and deep. The back of the skirt cut in two points, at the middle and bottom. This garment was fastened up in the back by buttons of dark blue vegetable ivory, which extended down some distance below the belt. A deep band of silver fox fur edged the garment, the sleeves and the throat. A small muff of blue cloth edged with fur, and suspended around the neck by an inch wide, thick blue ribbon, which was tied in a bow at the back, formed a stylish adjunct to the garment. The underskirt was of dark blue silk, and was entirely plain and with a very long train. Hat of light gray felt, with dark blue plume and gray scarf of netted silk with soft tassels at the end. This costume would be very stylish in dark green.

We saw a princesse overdress of black Chantilly lace, covering the dress of silk beneath quite to the hem. A most costly and elegant toilette. The underskirt was of a dark shade of cardinal silk. A pocket of the same, with hanging loops of similarly tinted ribbon, was placed high up on the left side, draping gracefully the skirt. Bows of cardinal ribbon were placed on the sleeves above the wrist.

Cashmere and ecru tinted thread lace is being used in trimming hats and bonnets. We saw a capote bonnet of dark green velvet, with soft plaited crown forming a frill at the bottom. The revers front had a large Alsatian bow of thread lace combined with velvet, in the midst of which perched a tiny humming-bird. A tinted ostrich tip fell over the crown, and a lappet of velvet and lace trimmed the left side. Strings of dark green ribbon fastened under the chin. A hat of pale brown felt, was bordered with velvet of a darker shade. A band of silk and velvet, the silk light brown, the velvet dark brown, was passed around the crown, ending to the left of the front in a large double bow mingled with cashmere lace. A plume of light brown fell over the right side. A torsade of cardinal silk filled in the flared front, softened by a piece of the same lace twined in and out about it. An aigrette of beaten brass and oxydized silver was placed on the left side of the front.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Large side pleats are to be fashionable for spring costumes.

A very fashionable kind of fancy work is called "Point lace embroidery," and is done with Point lace braid and one or two different styles of lace stitch. The braid is basted on cambric, following a traced design, and afterwards connected by bars of twisted thread or point de reprise stitch.

Narrow bracelets for the wrist are fashionable, either in gold, silver, or shell. Seven is the usual number worn, and only placed on the left arm. These rings are called "bangles."

Ecru lace curtains, with a strip of fine linen cambric, also ecru in color, and placed lengthwise about five or six inches from the edge, are the newest in vogue.

Black matelasse jackets lined and wadded, and having an inch or two of fur showing at the edge, are worn.

Dog-collars of red coral in rows, forming a band, and having tiny crosses or other ornaments in coral attached at intervals, are among the novelties.

Perforated vests of chamois skin are worn, and are considered beneficial for weak chests.

Myrtle and tea green are favorite colors for kid gloves.

Neckties of fine netted silk, slightly ecru in tint, and edged with cashmere lace, are very fashionably worn.

Large black satin fans edged with marabout tips, and dark green satin ones tipped with peacock feathers, are among the novelties.

Strips of chinchilla and silver fox furs, lined with dark blue or brown silk, and fastened with bow or tassels of the same color, and having a tiny muff of silk to correspond, bordered with the fur, are given preference by many, even to seal-skin sets.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co., for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We give in this number a description of a pelisse for a girl or boy of from five to eight years of age. Our model is of stone gray cashmere, lined with brown twilled flannel. The quantity of material required is two and a half yards of cashmere, two yards of flannel, one yard of brown silk or velvet, and two dozen brown vegetable ivory buttons. The pattern consists of front piece, two back pieces, sleeves, cuff, pocket, collar. The back is laid in pleats, four on each side, turning towards the middle seam. The fronts are loose and double-breasted, with a double row of buttons from neck to bottom of hem. The sleeves are half-loose, and have deep cuffs laid in pleats, each pleat held in place by a button. The collar is a peculiar shape, pointed in front and sloping up on the shoulders, from thence sloping down towards the middle, reaching to the belt, and ending in a blunt point. The pocket is on the left side, and is deep and narrow, trimmed with a double bow of brown ribbon or else three buttons—in the latter case two dozen buttons will not be sufficient to trim the entire garment. The collar, cuffs and pocket are made of the brown silk. The fronts of this garment are wadded. The pleats of the back obviating the necessity for extra lining there. The pleats at the back are held down by a cashmere band, piped on each side with silk, and fastened at each end with a button; a half yard of brown tape is fastened underneath the garment at the belt, just under the arm seye, and tied in front; thus holding the back in place. We can furnish the pattern with directions for making on receipt of price, thirty-five cents, and two three-cent stamps for mailing.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. J. D. P.—Replied by mail to your inquiry concerning cushion, etc.

ANNETTE J.—We cannot advise you to cut your hair, as to our way of thinking such a mode of coiffure is excessively unbecoming to a grown person. We can recommend a very nice hair wash, if you desire it. Send stamp for answer.

KATE L.—Make your tea-rose silk with long train; have knife pleating of the same at the bottom, above which put a deep shirring of sulphur colored crape or crepe lisse. Trim the top of this with the sprays of wistaria, which you mention as having upon another dress. Have a deep plain cuirass or corset waist, fitting well into the figure. Trim the upper part, if low on the shoulders, with a shirred berthe of crepe lisse; have smaller sprays of wistaria mingled with it. If a square neck, outline it with shirring of the crepe, and have a drooping cluster of sprays of wistaria upon the bust. You may have an overskirt of crepe de chene trimmed with crepe lisse, or else let the overskirt be of the latter; made long, full and plainly hemmed; looped high on left side with clusters of wistaria, and caught up slightly on the right side by loops of wide tea-rose colored serge ribbon, which also drapes the back and forms a sash. Wear your dark hair rolled high over your forehead, and in puffs behind, with two long loosely twisted curls in the middle, hanging low down upon the shoulders. Cluster of wistaria high up on left side of the head, with trailing ends falling from thence, and mingled with the two curls. Gloves of palest tea-rose color or the faintest shade of lilac, reaching half way up the arm. Wear your amethyst set of jewelry, or else pearls. Hope you may have a pleasant time. NINON.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN LEAP YEAR—THE GENTLEMEN'S REPLY.

Ladies, like you, on matrimony bent,
This answer to your Valentine is sent;
But not like yours must be our charms displayed—
I'll fit the man what well becomes the maid.
He by strong sense alone should love inspire,
While she with smiles may fan the joyous fire.
Your state forlorn did first our pity move,
And pity is, you know, akin to love;
But conning oft your bright perfections o'er,
Love took the place which Pity held before.
If thus, unseen, the charms which you possess,
Could call up feelings we cannot repress,
What may we hope for, when our eyes shall view,
Their true embodiment arrayed in you;
Our union once attained, the bliss we'd feel,
No court of law on earth could e'er repeal.
But stay—we are o'erstepping reason's laws;
Marriage is costly—this "must give us pause."
We could not live on love, nor yet on flowers,
Like twin chameleons gasping out the hours.
The flour we need is baked and *kneaded*, too;
While the gay dance must yield to *hops* that brew.
Think how your fair complexions would be spoil'd,
When in a stew for want of baked or broil'd!
An Irish stew's a good thing in its way,
But would you like it, say, for every day?
And then, though we abhor the filthy pelf,
There must be something, dears, upon the shelf.
Or all the boundless joys we hope to share,
Might soon, like us, be found exhausted there.
No pounds of meat should we rejoice to see,
Unless some other kinds of pounds there be.
Now quickly state what fortunes you have got
And then decide to wed we will, or not.
Ours is ourselves—no slight ones that, we deem;
Smile not at this—we are not what we seem.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

RECENT experiments prove that coffee can be raised in every portion of California, where the soil is congenial. Snow does not appear to materially injure the plant. In northern Europe, according to Dr. Kegel, it is cultivated successfully as a house plant.

A COMPARATIVE trial of the relative advantages of dynamite, gun-cotton, and gunpowder was recently made at the railway tunnel works under Clifton Down, in England, with the result of showing that dynamite is much superior to either gun-cotton or gunpowder.

PROFESSOR CORNU, of Paris, lately described before the Physical Society of London his most recent experiments on the velocity of light. They were made last summer with revolving mirrors stationed fourteen and a half miles apart. The 508 experiments which were made showed the velocity of light to be 186,660 miles per second.

BRICK-MAKING APPARATUS.—An ingenious kind of brick-making apparatus is stated to be in operation in Bradford, England, which conveniently compresses some 1,500 bricks per hour, but which is capable of producing, if required, a much greater quantity. On a revolving horizontal table are fixed six dies for compressing the clay. On one side of the table stands an operator who fills each die with clay, and an operator on the other side removes the clay after it has been compressed. Each die is fitted with a hinged lid and a sliding bottom, and as the table revolves, the die passes under a fixed plate which compresses the clay to the required degree. The clay, in this condition, is delivered in a column down an incline from the pug-mill, and is cut into blocks of the desired size by a very simple apparatus worked by the operator who fills the dies.

PROCURING FRESH WATER FROM SEA WATER.—A method of procuring fresh water from sea water through the direct action of the sun's rays is among the foreign inventions. The apparatus consists of a box of wood one inch thick, about fourteen feet long, two feet wide, and of an average depth of six inches. The upper part of the box is closed with ordinary glass, which has an inclination of an inch and a half. At the lower edge of the glass there is a semi-circular channel, destined to received the fresh water which is condensed on the interior surface of the glass. The operation is entirely simple. The salt water is let into the box for about an inch in depth, and it is then exposed to the rays of the sun. A very active evaporation then begins, and it is found that a square metre of glass will condense daily the amount of two gallons of pure water.

UNDERGROUND TELEGRAPH LINES.—An improved method of laying underground telegraph lines is due to the ingenuity of Holtzman, of Amsterdam, Holland. His plan consists, substantially, in providing a cast-iron trough, which is filled with a peculiar bituminous insulating compound, which is proved to be very effectual. The gutter rests in the bottom of a ditch in the earth. The compound is put in while warm and semi-liquid. The telegraph wires, insulated with gutta percha, are then submerged, separately, in the compound in the trough, and the latter is then closed by a cover and the ditch filled with earth. The compound soon cools and solidifies, and holds the wires in perfect insulation, unaffected by moisture, temperature, or decay. A telegraph line of some forty miles in length, near Amsterdam, on the above plan, has proved an entire success, and although laid in bad, swampy soil, no breaks have occurred.

COSTUME PARTIES.

In last week's number we promised we would give a short description of some costumes for fancy-dress parties, which, always in order, are this year more than ever the fashion. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to decide upon what is an appropriate disguise for such an entertainment. Of course, it must be chosen with reference to the height, complexion, bearing, and style of the wearer, otherwise the assumed character will be merely grotesque and inconsistent. The absurdity of a very small man assuming the character of Falstaff or John of Gaunt, or of a very large woman trying to dwarf herself to the proportions of Titania or Cinderella is perfectly manifest; but blunders quite as glaring as these are constantly being made. It is not the expensiveness and elaborateness of detail that make a fancy dress successful, but its careful selection and a thorough assumption of the character personated.

Last week we gave quite a list of characters, taken at random from Dickens, Shakespeare, and a few historical ones as well.

The advantage of choosing a group of characters is that it facilitates the impersonations. Each gains from the other, and the effect is much more striking if the spirit of the whole representation is caught, than that of any number of the conventional brigands, peasants, flower-girls, nights and mornings, and nameless kings and queens that haunt the parlor and the ball-room.

The four seasons are very appropriate impersonations for two ladies and two gentlemen. Spring, in delicate green tarletan, with crocusses, violets, daisies, and anemones; and Summer, in rose-colored tarletan, with all the varieties of fruits and flowers belonging to the season are, of course, the feminine parts; while Autumn, in a flowing garment of scarlet, yellow, brown, and green silk, decked with vines, and bearing a wheat-sheaf; and Winter, in plain gray gown, covered with snow and icicles, (cotton batting and glass beads), hoary beard and head, may be given to the gentlemen.

For Undines, Mermaids, Aphrodites, and other ladies of aqueous origin, it is very easy to devise costumes from thin stuffs, (tarletan preferred), using many thin, white petticoats under one, or, at most, two thicknesses of light, bright green. The trimmings may be of small shells, bits of coral, sea-weed, scraps of silver gauze, strings of pearls, and other sea products, and a veil of silver-gauze thrown over the whole improves it wonderfully, and serves, at the same time, for a mask. Imitation coral can readily be made by bending wire into fantastic shapes and dipping it into melted sealing-wax. So, also, if a crown of coral be desired, the shape can be made of pasteboard, cut into spangles, and dipped into wax as before.

A Spirit of the Fountain costume may be composed of tulle, all white except the outer skirt, which is of one thickness of pale green. This produces a shimmering appearance, and when studded an inch apart with tiny crystal beads, is very pretty. Chains of fine, clear, glass beads, looped and caught in careless strands over the whole dress, give it a cool, sparkling look. A necklace and bracelets may be made of beads, and a head-dress of the grasses and water-plants that grow about fountains.

One of the prettiest Wood Nymph costumes for a brunette is made in this manner: A short dress is selected of straw-colored tarletan, two or three thicknesses or narrow flounces, making the shade distinct. On this foundation are placed wreaths of ferns and bright-tinted (pressed) autumn leaves, scraps of moss and lichens, bits of bark, and scarlet berries *ad libitum*. The necklace and armlets are of short pieces of partridge-vine, lapped so as to show the berries. To these effects add red and yellow leaves in the hair, and a boquet of sumach berries and leaves. The result is brilliant and beautiful, and, except in time and skill, very inexpensive.

In choosing historical characters, it is not difficult to find pictures that give suggestions for the costumes, and in choosing characters from novels or other books, illustrated editions may generally be obtained, which will serve as a basis.

Perhaps the pleasantest of all costume parties are those where the list of characters is confined to the creations of a single author, as Shakespeare, Dickens, Scott; for then there is opportunity for considerable dramatic as well as mantuan skill.

A THOUGHTLESS person is of necessity a coarse and selfish person. When people do wrong to their neighbors, and give pain unnecessarily, to say "I did not think," puts forward no plea for tolerance, but is rather a reason for condemnation, and an additional peg on which to hang a sermon of rebuke. They should have thought; there is no good reason why they did not think; and, if they did not, then they did wrong, and wrong is always wrong and reprehensible.

PERSONALITIES.

COL. J. W. FORNEY will return from Europe about the middle of this month and resume editorial charge of the Philadelphia *Press*.

MAX MULLER insists upon the necessity of compulsory education, to be furnished gratuitously to all the children of all the nations on the earth.

KING KALAKAUA has sufficiently recovered his health to acknowledge the receipt of a fine barrel of whisky from a friend in St. Joseph, Missouri.

SIR E. THORNTON, the English Minister, by his habit of taking a walk of six or eight miles a day, is said to have made pedestrianism fashionable at Washington.

GARIBALDI suffers much from his various wounds, which compel him to keep his bed a part of the time, especially during damp weather. He is inundated with callers from different countries, all of whom he receives courteously.

THEY say that Lawrence Barrett carries his stage manners into private life. He asks for the butter in a voice choked with emotion and dry bread, and the tone in which he orders a second cup of mild tea is enough to freeze the marrow in one's bones.

"BULL RUN" RUSSELL loses $20,000 through the purchase of the Suez Canal by England. He had made an arrangement with the Khedive to "write up" Egypt for the amount above stated. After the latter had made the sale of the canal he didn't care whether folks knew anything about Egypt or not.

THE ladies of England are not disposed to allow their sisters on this continent to have a monopoly of honors won in intellectual contests with the "lords of creation." Miss Isabella G. Clark successfully passed the Major Examination of the English Pharmaceutical Society, and was thereupon duly admitted as a pharmaceutical chemist. Her performance in passing the examination is the first on record of a lady doing so in England.

INSTEAD of being "a little, weazen-faced, dried-up old man," as was stated by a New York paper recently, General John C. Freemont is, according to the Virginia (Nevada) *Enterprise*, a splendid-looking man, his face fresh and strong, though bronzed as though by contact with years of out-door life. His hair is silvered, but in looking at it the impression is that it is so through exposure and not age, and it sets off the face finely.

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is not engaged in preparing her reminiscences for publication. The paragraph to that effect, still going the rounds of the papers, is entirely unauthorized and unfounded. The state of Miss Cushman's health at present would preclude any such undertaking, even if she were ever so well disposed to favor the public. Book publishers and editors of magazines, who are overwhelming her with applications for the forthcoming book, would do well, therefore, to suspend their fire.

WONG CHIN-FOO, the Chinese lecturer, went to a church in Nashua, N. H., a few Sundays ago. Seeing the "distinguished foreigner," the officiating clergyman preached an elaborate sermon, the whole discourse, which was a very elaborate one, being aimed apparently at the Chinese lecturer, with a view to his conversion to Christianity. Soon afterward Wong was able to give the reverend gentleman a *quid pro quo*; for, having to lecture in Nashua the same evening, he enlarged at some length about the religion of Confucius, held him up to the admiration of his auditors, and concluded a highly interesting lecture by an appeal to his hearers to abandon Christianity and come to Confucius.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—The New Year. "Only." The First Baby. The Forgery Detected. The Wife's Confession. My Valentine. Common Things. Leap Year Surprise.

J. R. C.—Blushing is natural, and subsides as the years advance. Go more into good society, so as to get accustomed to its usages and acquire self command.

R. W. J.—The original Lyceum was a celebrated place near the banks of the Ilissus, in Attica, Greece, where Aristotle taught philosophy. Its modern signification is an institution for lectures on science, literature, etc.

G. T.—If lovers cannot possibly agree, as you say is your experience, they should not venture upon matrimony. If they can't help quarrelling half the time they are courting, they would be apt to quarrel all the time after the knot was tied.

NELLIE R.—You fret too much, and are too much given to looking at the dark side of things. It is a bad habit, and one that punishes its possessor sadly. The more you indulge in giving expression to murmurs and complaints, the more miserable you will become, and the more you will be disliked by others.

G. H. M.—Unless we know all particulars we cannot judge; but it is no use nagging a person on whom you can only make an unfavorable impression by so doing. The art of correcting a person lies in first making an impression that is favorable to your purpose. You cannot satisfactorily remove one offence by committing another.

W. A. A. (Alleghany.)—Nearsightedness cannot be cured permanently; but the sight can be brought to a nearly normal condition by the use of concave glasses of a proper focus, so that the wearer can see objects distinctly at any ordinary distance. By addressing a letter to Messrs. James W. Queen & Co., Opticians, 924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, on the subject, you will get the fullest information you may desire.

BERTHA L.—The peculiar symptoms you describe as afflicting the gentleman proceed from the very common disorder known as love, but in his case it is accompanied by the additional symptoms called nervousness. He wishes to infect you with the first disorder, but has a fear that you will not take it readily. Have a little charity on him, and meet him half way—which, by the way, from your second question, we think you feel inclined to do.

F. C. (Brooklyn.)—"I went the other day to see the play 'Julius Cæsar,' and was puzzled over the letters S. P. Q. R. which were inscribed on the banners carried by some of the Roman soldiers in the piece. Can you explain to me what they mean?" The banners carried by the Roman infantry had inscribed on them, in golden or purple letters, the above letters S. P. Q. R. which are the abbreviations for "Senatus Populusque Romanus," signifying "The Roman Senate and People."

IGNORAMUS.—There is no book, or class of books, that will make a man eloquent, or even talkative; but they may supply matter for talking about. The talking faculty is original, and the books only modify the style and subject-matter of the talk—they do not impart the gift; but many persons have the gift, who from want of a general knowledge are afraid to use it less their ignorance should be perceived. In such a case, if it is anything like your own, we advise you acquire knowledge, read everything that people talk about.

J. N. B. (Madison.)—"Which country in the world has the largest public debt? I contend that that of England is larger than ours, but a friend will not allow it. Please settle the matter." According to the latest and most trustworthy figures attainable, the following are the debts of the three countries, who stand foremost in the list: France with a debt of $4,400,000,000; England with a debt of $3,900,000,000; United States with a debt of $2,200,000,000. Our debt reached its highest point in 1866, being at that time $2,773,236,173.69.

C. M. F. has been courting a young lady for the last three years, and until within the last six months believed himself really attached to her. Now he finds that he is not, but that she is more attached to him than ever. He asks what he should do, "marry her, or break off the engagement?" Suppose he were married, what would he do? Why, bear his misfortune. It will most probably be the same thing over again with another; he will court, believe himself attached, marry, and find out his mistake too late. It is more honorable to be true, and patiently to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.

C. J. S. (Camden.)—Canaries become occasionally mute from various causes—sometimes, as they are very sociable, from the separation from one to whom they have been accustomed, sometimes from being kept in a dark or dull apartment—mostly, however, from improper diet. Give only clean, sound canary seed, with a little rape—a mere sprinkle—and procure, when possible, the summer growth in preference to the winter, as it is a larger seed, and in all respects better. Change it every morning, and the water also; give a bath about every other day, and let the bath be attached outside the cage. By following these rules you will keep the bird in health and song.

J. J. P.—Women are as well entitled as men to express their love, only each sex has its own way—man with words and woman with manners. The one is quite as expressive as the other; and in either case the more delicately expressed the better. A woman who does not express her attachment by her manner, cannot expect to be loved. It is altogether a foolish, because it is a hypocritical practice, that of pretending to be indifferent to those whom we do really and legitimately love. Of course we ought to conceal excess, because that is a weakness we want to cure; but preference is a legitimate feeling which may be always modestly manifested by any woman.

M. J. W.—It is too frequently the case that women lay the cause of their failure in working to their sex instead of their own errors, and thus they are prevented from any real progress. They are apt to think that every rebuff they meet with is offered them because they are women, and therefore the natural victims of injustice. It is so much pleasanter to have imaginary enemies than to recognize one's own incapacity for the task undertaken that the delusion is always maintained. In this way women sometimes attribute to personal hostility what is really caused by a lack of talent and industry. If a woman fails as a writer, a lecturer, an actress, her indiscreet friends are apt to assume that she fails because she is a woman. But, in fact, in these days her sex helps her quite as much as it hinders her in most or all of these pursuits, and the chances are that where she fails a man of the same qualifications would have failed quite as badly. There ought to exist among women, and among men also, a more courageous spirit in these matters, and at the same time more humility.

MAUDE.—The reason assigned for the coldness and inattention is insufficient, and we should say evidently not the true one. It would be a great mistake to suffer the matter to rest where it is. You should insist upon an interview with him, and elicit from him an unreserved explanation, for your future happiness ought not to be allowed to rest upon so frivolous an objection. Suppose you had shown the letter; there was no great harm in it—but if you say you did not, your word ought to be in his estimation more reliable than the tale-bearer's. If it is not, let him go his way—he is not worthy of you. In such case you can keep your own counsel and select the best of the other two gentlemen if you think that one will make you a good husband. You can make none the less true and loving wife, though you may have loved another first, especially when you know that the love has been cast away on an unworthy object. You must teach yourself to forget. Under any circumstances, take counsel with your mother. She will, you may rest assured, advise you for the best.

MISCELLANEOUS.—MAUD.—Consult your looking-glass. Mere regularity of features does not make a beautiful face, if the mind and the soul be wanting there. GIPSY.—The passion flower is so named because its petals are supposed to resemble the cross and the nails. JULIET.—To qualify yourself to be an actress, you must either practice with some amateur dramatic corps, or else take lessons of a professor of elocution. F. G. V.—All depends on the strength of the article. Ask the druggist from whom you purchase it. J. M.—The name you mention has no particular meaning. A. R. S.—We cannot recommend any way "to get thin," but by taking plenty of out door exercise you may check a tendency to become too stout. A READER.—We refer you to either "Nicholson's Carpenters' and Builders' Guide," or "Sloan's Constructive Architecture." ARCHIE.—From what you say we judge the young lady is too fickle to be worth the trouble of winning, even if you could succeed. You had better give up trying. BEGINNER.—In writing for the press, write only on one side of the paper. Size of paper is immaterial, provided what is written on it is legible and worth reading. C. B. J.—You are too young yet to talk about marrying. Think of her only as a friend for at least three years yet to come, when it will be time enough. INQUIRER.—We do not know who was the author of the sentence you quote, nor when it was first used. J. A. C.—Being sisters, it is rather a delicate matter, but of course, if you must decide between them, do so in favor of the one who likes you the best. MISS T. D.—If you "don't love the young man well enough to marry him," and are sure you never will, then by all means don't go on keeping company with him. It is simply a waste of time, if of nothing else. A. F. R.—You cannot set the words to music without permission of the publishers, to whom apply.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*